

ハルムスタ

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三日月の夜に花は散る

ハーレム☆スター

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Harem Sister - Chapter 01-06

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Novel Introduction

I was thinking about skipping straight to Harem Castle 2, but I might as well translate this one first since it ties into the Harem Castle plot.

This is the 6th entry in the Harem Series: Harem Sister (ハーレムシスター).



Harem Sister follows Hilcruz, son of Hilmedes from Harem Castle, as a church shelters him and he plots his revenge against the Ishtar Kingdom.

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~~For the record, this means I'm skipping the 3rd-5th books: Harem Caravan, Harem Engage, and Harem Shadow.~~

Edit: If you want, I guess I can go back and translate the ones I skipped.

Chapter 1: Holy Bath



(C-crap... I'm definitely dead this time.)

The Milka River formed the northern border of the Ishtar Kingdom and the southern border of the Cleonlese Kingdom. It was one of the tributaries of the mighty Luminay that flowed east to west across the continent.

Upstream, it ran through a canyon in a mountainous region, so the water was clear but fast flowing.

A boy wearing fine but thoroughly damaged clothing was tossed around like a pebble. His vision spun around and around, he crashed into rock after rock, he could not breathe properly, and he swallowed a ton of water.

The current grew gentler as he moved downstream, but then his body sank without floating back up.

He could not move his arms or legs properly.

Only muddy water and weeds had passed his lips in the past week, so his strength had already been at its limit. Jumping into the river in his state had been suicide, but he had not had a choice.

(Ahh, the surface is so bright. The weather must be nice. If I could move my head just a bit higher, I could get some air.)

The water was quite shallow, but people could drown in even knee-deep water.

He knew fresh air was right in front of him, but he could not stand up to breathe it in.

As his mind faded, he used his last strength to reach out his arm. Someone grabbed his hand.

(Eh?)

He saw a beautiful woman's face in the water's surface and then his arm was pulled up.

After the dazzling sunlight that pierced through the clear air, a bright crimson reached his eyes.

"Bwah!? Wah, pant, pant, pant..."

Pulled from the water, the boy fell on all fours and tried to gulp down the air.

But when he opened his mouth wide, water spilled out instead.

He forced out a stomach-full of swallowed water, coughed intensely, and spewed out tears, snot, drool, and blood.

His lungs seemed to have been damaged too.

He coughed in pain and writhed around until he had gotten everything out of his stomach. He wiped his mouth with the back of his hand and looked up to see who had rescued him.

"!"

A tall, slender woman stood there.

The boy narrowed his eyes as if a dazzling light had reached him.

The bright crimson he had seen before must have been her hair. It was so splendidly red that he could almost believe it was made of melted rubies.

That long crimson was swept back, leaving her forehead exposed, and it gave him an impression of intelligence and nobility.

She had almost transparently white skin and a small face. She had beautifully narrow eyebrows, dignified eyelashes, and clear angled eyes. Those light purple eyes seemed to see through everything.

She had a well-defined nose and thin but charming red lips.

She had golden decorations on her hair, forehead, and ears. She wore a robe that resembled a red evening dress, but the fabric was thin to the point of transparency and it contained luxurious embroidery and openwork.

It was a very showy outfit, but it did not look gaudy because her face was even more refined than the clothing. She was clearly of high social status or from the wealthy class.

But even setting that external beauty and attire aside, she gave off an aura that prevented anyone from thinking she was your average person.

She gave off a tense air of purity. It was as cold and undefilable as the early summer dawn.

She looked to be in her early twenties. Her exceptionally refined features looked almost doll-like and gave off a sense of calm and pure elegance.

She looked intelligent, graceful, and mystical. She had an inviolable beauty that seemed to belong to the holy, not the vulgar. She was almost too fantastical.

With no disgust, anger, or sympathy, she transcendently looked down to the boy who had been washed in like an old rag.

“A-a goddess?”

Had a goddess from heaven been drawn down by the nice weather and decided to take a bath in this lower world?

That romantic idea came to mind, but once he recalled his situation, other possibilities seemed much more likely.

“No... An angel? Or the grim reaper? Or a valkyrie that hunts down the souls of warriors!? I don't care which! I don't need anyone to take me away!”

Once he realized it was all over, tears of frustration left his eyes.

Driven on by intense emotion, the boy gathered the last of his strength to stand up and supported himself by grabbing at the heavenly messenger's collar.

“Please, angel, spare me! I want to live! I really want to live!”

He would do anything to live, but he no longer had anything he could give in exchange for life.

The angel's pure eyes simply stared blankly at the poor excited boy. They were so transparent that he began to wonder if there was no emotion in her at all.

That was when an out-of-place and cute girl's voice reached him.

"Priestess~ Was that you that said something? Do you need something?"

When the boy turned toward the voice, he finally noticed the red tent set up around him.

Before he could question the unique space he found himself in, the red tent was opened and a girl in a white headdress poked her head inside.

She looked to be in her mid-teens and she wore a white habit. It was the stereotypical nun's outfit that symbolized honorable poverty, but based on her age, she would have to be a trainee.

"Eh?"

The situation inside the tent must have been truly unexpected for the nun trainee. Her eyes turned to dots and she looked back and forth between the red woman and the filthy boy.

She blinked and stared at them. She then closed her eyes, took a deep breath, clenched her fists, and opened her mouth wide.

"Kyaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaah!"

An ear-splitting scream filled the area.

Even the expressionless woman must not have been able to stand it because she wrinkled her slender eyebrows.

“Sigyn, what is the meaning of this racket?”

A scolding voice spoke outside the tent, but the girl did not calm down. She energetically pointed toward the mystery boy and waved her arm around.

“There’s a b-b-b-boy! Mother Velvet, i-it’s an emergency! A boy is attacking the Priestess!”

“What!?”

More people rushed into the tent to follow the nun trainee called Sigyn.

One was an adult woman in a stereotypical nun’s habit colored black with a matching black hood. She wore silver-framed glasses and looked quite fussy.

She was around thirty and her eyeliner and other makeup seemed a little thick for a nun.

“How could this be!?”

From her voice, she seemed to be the Velvet who had scolded Sigyn.

“!”

The next person inside was another girl.

However, her outfit was quite different from the other two's. She was lightly dressed in a short, navy blue shirt and a navy blue pareo around her waist. No one would ever mistake her for a nun.

Her blue shirt had no sleeves, leaving her long arms exposed up to the shoulder, and it was so short it only hid her breasts and left her belly exposed. Her bare arms and legs were long and looked as supple as whips.

She was in her late teens. She was extremely tall for a girl and had a fearless face with sharp eyes and a tense mouth. Her short, copper-colored hair was silky and straight and her skin was nicely tanned.

But the most notable feature was the octagonal rod she held. Based on that, the gallant girl was likely a holy warrior.

“Um, what is this?”

As he watched the girls' and woman's expressions make the dramatic transformation from shock to anger, the boy grasped his situation.

It seemed he was still alive and had wandered into a religious institution. On top of that, he was grabbing their leader by the collar. He could not blame them if they mistook him for a violent attacker and they were in fact making that

mistake.

To show he meant no harm, he let go of the mystical woman's collar.

However, it seemed to be too little too late.



“Gracen! I will support you, so teach this insolent brat a lesson!”

“Yes, ma’am!”

The nun in black gave orders with her silver-framed glasses sparkling and the holy warrior gave a quick reply before raising her octagonal rod in her right hand and running forward while staying low to the ground.

“W-wait!”

They ignored the boy’s cry of protest and attacked.

The nun narrowed the eyes decorated by thick eye shadow behind her silver-framed glasses and made holy hand gestures with the skirt of her black habit flipping up to reveal a red lining.

“Tei!”

With a sharp cry, the white beam of a magical attack exploded at the boy’s feet.

While he was distracted by that, the tall and lightly-dressed girl swung down her club.

Her first attack targeted the boy’s head from the right. He just barely blocked it with the back of his arm, but the next attack came from the opposite direction and landed a clean blow on the left side of his head.

She swept his feet out from under him, knocking him onto his back, and aimed for his throat.

“Wait!”

A cold, clear, and dignified voice stopped the holy warrior.

The tip of the octagonal rod stopped just before jabbing into the boy’s throat as he lay on the riverside.

“I recognize this boy.”

The woman in red clothing and golden jewelry placed a hand on the cheek of the poor injured boy who could no longer stand under his own power.

“ ...”

His body tensed at this human warmth he had not felt in so long.

“You are Prince Hilcruz of the Ishtar Kingdom, are you not?”

The boy was unsure what to say, but he finally answered honestly.

“Yes... Although I’m sure that title has long since been stripped of me...that is what I used to be called.”

With his body and soul so thoroughly beaten, it was hard to answer, but he stubbornly did so with pride.

“...!”

They all must have known what that name meant because shock ran through them like a bolt of lightning.

The nun named Velvet widened her eyes behind her glasses, the holy warrior named Gracen tensed her lips, and the youngest one named Sigyn held her mouth and cried out.

“Prince Hilcruz!? You mean that rebel!?”

Everyone in this region knew that name.

About a month before, a rebellion had split the Ishtar Kingdom in two. It had been planned by Hilmedes, the previous king’s younger brother. The rebellion was said to have been actively led by Hilmedes’s son, Hilcruz.

The red woman remained entirely calm even when faced with this political criminal.

“I am Priestess Euphoria, Bishop of the Vermilion Bird Temple and leader of this diocese. I once saw you on a visit to Ishtar’s royal palace.”

Hilcruz sighed after staring at the young woman’s truly saintly face.

“Ohh, so you aren’t an angel... You sure scared me.”

The Vermilion Bird Temple was a religion that gathered worshipers from mostly the western kingdoms. It was well known for being a nunnery that did not allow any men inside.

It had been popular in Ishtar too. Girls of respectable families would be sent there to learn their manners and ladies would join as nuns if they grew tired of the world's vanity.

The positions of Archbishop and Pope at the headquarters and the position of Priestess at each diocese's cathedral were traditionally given to princesses of the surrounding royal families.

Hilcruz recalled that there was apparently a cathedral of the Vermilion Bird Temple in this area. It took its name from the river, so it was known as the Milka Cathedral. He had heard the Priestess there was from the royal family of the Baromlist Kingdom.

When he looked at her again, he detected the majesty of her noble bloodline in her demeanor.

“My apologies, Prince Hilcruz.”

The fussy-looking nun in silver-rimmed glasses gave him an apologetic look and the holy warrior stepped back with her octagonal rod.

When Nun Trainee Sigyn saw how the older individuals were acting, she quickly bowed her head.

“The prince appears to be injured. We need to check his wounds.”

The others may have been influenced by the Priestess's unchanged attitude after realizing the boy's identity. They began checking the severity of his injuries.

"Wait, what are you doing!?"

The boy struggled, but Sigyn and Gracen held down his arms and legs and forcibly stripped away the tatters of what had once been nice clothes.

Velvet spoke up in shock when she checked over his body.

"This is...awful. Broken bones, bruises, and gashes. He has about every kind of external wound. He is also malnourished and sleep deprived. I'm impressed you're even still alive."

"Of course I am. I won't die...no matter what."

The nun in black reacted to his incredible tenacity by smiling, placing her left hand around her stomach, and pushing her silver-rimmed glasses up with her right hand.

"That's the spirit. All illness starts with your attitude, after all. ...But you don't have the strength left to have all your wounds healed at once with magic."

Not even magic was all-powerful. Healing magic was nothing more than activating the person's own healing ability, so it wore down their stamina. They did not want to heal his wounds only to have him die of weakness.

“Understood. I will do it.”

The Priestess grabbed her golden necklace with a glittering magic jewel mounted on it and she held it out toward the groaning young boy who was still lying on his back.

A pure white light washed over his injured body and a soft power enveloped him.

“Thanks. My body hurt so much I thought it was going to fall apart. ...I feel a little better now.”

Once the magical healing was over, Hilcruz stood up and dressed himself. Euphoria frowned.

“This was no more than first-aid. You will come down with a fever soon, so if you do not eat something nourishing and get some rest, you could still lose your life.”

That was something Hilcruz simply could not do. Just as he started to smile bitterly, the holy warrior with the octagonal rod gave a warning.

“Priestess, if this is Prince Hilcruz, then might those be his pursuers?”

The holy warrior pointed toward a pillar of dust rising from upstream. Warriors on horseback were on their way.

“Tch. They sure are persistent. ...Thanks for the help.”

The boy clicked his tongue and turned his back on the nuns of the Vermilion Bird Temple despite the unsteadiness of his legs.

“Where are you going?”

Sigyn hurriedly stopped him just as he was about to enter the river.

“I can’t let them capture me. I’m going to let the river carry me a while longer.”

Even if it was only first-aid, he was lucky to have received that magic healing. But he and those nuns had nothing to do with each other. They had likely used their magic out of religious benevolence, but he could not expect any further compassion.

None of them could hide their surprise at his persistence.

“But with those injuries...”

He may have been magically healed, but he was still badly injured. His feet were unsteady and it seemed doubtful he could even defeat a baby now.

Sigyn seemed to think they could not abandon someone in that state, but sometimes there was nothing that could be done.

She was young and had yet to learn how dreadful politics could be. The emotion in her eyes would accomplish nothing here.

“Wait.”

As Hilcruz hurried to leave, Euphoria’s clear voice stopped him.

“Don’t even think about capturing me and handing me over to them. You’ll have some bodies to bury if you try that.”

He was willing to attack women and children if it came to that. He of course found killing women and children to be a shameful act, but he had not been blessed with a position that allowed for that kind of principled idealism.

The holy warrior who had beaten him down now stood before him. Normally, he would stand no chance, but there was a piercing light in his eyes. He was just like an injured animal.

The beautiful Priestess looked him straight in the eye and opened her mouth.

“No. I am saying we will shelter you.”

This was unexpected for Hilcruz.

“Wh-what are you saying!? We have no connection to each other. Just so you know, I’m not exactly the religious type. You may not know much of the filthy world of politics, but they’re desperate too. They won’t hold back, even against you.”

Hilcruz snapped at her, but Euphoria remained calm.

“Not to worry. I have an excellent idea.”

With that, the holy woman began stripping off her thin red clothing.

“Priestess!?”

The surrounding nuns and holy warrior were utterly stunned and Hilcruz was of course surprised to the point he thought his eyes would pop out of his head.

“Wait, what are you thinking!?”

Euphoria wore nothing at all below the thin red clothing.

Her well-proportioned body was the polar opposite of the hard beauty of her face. She had a lovely matured body at the peak of womanhood. After exposing that body, she walked toward the astonished boy, held him to her chest, and entered the river.

“I am Tiger Knight General Dixel of the Ishtar Kingdom. It is my duty to search this area.”

A middle-aged man with a boldly plump build descended to the riverbank with one hundred elites on horseback. He pushed his way toward the tent as soon as he spotted it.

“What is this about, general?”

Velvet, the veteran nun in black, responded to him, but General Dexel tried to impatiently force his way into the tent.

“We cornered Hilcruz, our kingdom’s traitor, upstream of this river, but he jumped off the cliff in an attempt to escape. We spotted this tent while searching for him and we must eliminate even the smallest chance of him hiding within.”

“Please wait. The Priestess is performing her holy bath ritual inside at the moment. It is an important spring celebration ritual of the Vermilion Bird Temple. You are not allowed to intrude.”

The nun’s silver-framed glasses glittered as she gave her rapid explanation, but the middle-aged warrior was not listening.

“We have no intention of intruding on your ritual, but we are searching for the traitor who defied the royal family. If you have done nothing wrong, you have nothing to hide. Please cooperate.”

“But...!”

“Sister, hiding things is not in your best interest here. Now out of my way!”

Impatient Dexel had no interest in holding a real debate with this talkative woman. He gestured with his chin and the knight behind him threatened her

with a spear.

Even the clever nun could only make one final comment.

“We will make a formal protest with the Ishtar Kingdom about this!”

Dexel ignored that hysteric claim, the shrill cry of the nun trainee, and the holy warrior’s octagonal rod as he forced his way into the tent with his men. And then he came to a stop.

“What is this!?”

Dexel was known as a wise commander and he had worked his way up to the top of the army. He had enough nerve to not bat an eye even if he had found the tent full of armed warriors.

But not even that veteran general could hide his surprise at what he found.

A woman had her back to him as she soaked in the pure river covered by the red tent.

Her slender neck, delicate shoulders, and shoulder blades stuck above the water’s surface.

Her hair was ruby red and the lovely skin below it was dazzlingly white.

Just as the previous nun had claimed, the Priestess was bathing in the river.

Having stumbled upon the holy woman's divine ceremony, the general and his knights gasped in surprise.

"..."

The lovely holy woman looked back over her slender shoulders, giving the rude intruders a glance from her angled eyes.

Her gaze was as cold as a blade of ice.

"Thank you for your thorough work, General Dixel. Please forgive me for meeting you in such an inappropriate state of undress."

Her voice held even more destructive power than her appearance. The group took a half step back when the beautiful voice sent a shiver down their spines.

"No, allow me to apologize."

Dixel quickly kneeled and lowered his head.

He had lost his nerve upon seeing the bare back of a woman even younger than his daughter Louise, but there was actually another person there who had lost his nerve.

That was Hilcruz.

After announcing she would shelter the boy like he was an abandoned cat, the Priestess had stripped off her gorgeous habit, embraced the half-dead boy, and entered the river.

She had then waited for the Ishtar army like that.

Hilcruz was currently on the other side of Euphoria from Dexel.

In other words, only his head stuck above the water and the lovely holy woman held him to the front of her body.

If they moved apart, there was a risk of Dexel finding him, so Euphoria's hands held tightly to the back of his head.

Below the water, Euphoria had spread her legs to hold Hilcruz's hips tightly between them.

(Does she not feel any embarrassment?)

She has seemed as tall and slender as a willow before, but once she stripped off her clothes, he found her breasts were quite large. She may have been the type to look more slender while clothed.

As Hilcruz soaked up to his shoulders in the cold water, two shapely mounds of flesh jutted perkily out toward him, showing no sign of sagging.

The nipples stood out like camellia petals on her lovely white skin.

They were trembling a little. He did not know if it was the cold water or if she was nervous, but the nipples poked stiffly out and the vivid areolae appeared a little small for the large size of her breasts.

Having those right in front of his eyes felt like having a knife blade pressed against him.

No matter how straitlaced the boy, if a beautiful woman's nipples were placed in front of his eyes, he would naturally fill with the desire to lick and suck them. He could not help but gulp.

Euphoria's naked body truly felt warm in the chilly river water and the sweet scent of her skin tickled at his nose.

(Wait, wait. I can't be thinking about that now.)

When he realized he should not be staring at her nipples, Hilcruz lowered his gaze to the water's surface.

That brought the base of the holy woman's legs into view. Plus, she had spread her legs to hold the boy's hips between them. Crimson pubic hair floated in the current like seaweed. No, like an underwater flame.

If he looked ahead, he saw breasts. If he looked down, he saw pubic hair. If he looked up, he saw the tranquil face of that young woman whose beauty was almost frighteningly perfect.

And when Dixel finally entered the tent, Euphoria had held Hilcruz even tighter to hide his head as much as possible.

This naturally buried the boy's face between her soft breasts.

He understood the desire to make sure Dexel could not see him from behind her, but he still thought his face was going to burst into flames while surrounded by the warmth of her soft skin.

Plus, Euphoria's expression remained entirely calm despite the bold action she was taking.

However, that did not mean she was not nervous. He could feel her heart pounding in her chest.

As a mere human, Dexel could not have imagined what was happening on the other side of the holy woman.

The Ishtar knights could not even look directly at her bare back, so their eyes wandered left and right and their bodies tensed up.

The nuns watched on with hands sweatily clenched as they wondered what would happen.

In that stalemate and in that oppressive atmosphere, Euphoria pushed her position further.

"I have heard the circumstances. Were you hoping to search my body as well?"

That woman was a royal, a Bishop of the Vermilion Bird Temple, and a candidate for a future Archbishop. She now she stood up from the river.

The holy woman's completely bare back entered Dexel's vision up to the butt.

She willingly showed off the dazzlingly white skin of her smooth back, slender waist, and round butt.

The pursuers were shocked, as was the hidden fugitive.

Removing her butt from the water on the back meant her mons pubis covered in red hair left the water on the front side.

Before Hilcruz's eyes, the young woman's cleavage rose, her tense stomach and navel passed by, and her crotch finally entered his field of vision.

"...!"

He nearly struggled out of surprise and lack of fresh air, but he desperately restrained himself.

As an adolescent virgin boy, he of course wanted to get a good look at the young woman's vulva, but he was too close to see anything clearly.

However, the air he breathed passed through the holy woman's red bush.

It was probably only the smell of the river, but it seemed incredibly fragrant to the boy and he started feeling faint.

Meanwhile, the Tiger Knight General lost his nerve upon seeing the delicious-looking white peach chilled in the river, so he came to a stop.

“For...for the time being...”

Even if it was midsummer, the weather was at a comfortable temperature in this mountainous region, yet Dixel had a tremendous amount of sweat flowing from his brow.

“Th-that will not be necessary.”

The Vermilion Bird Temple was a popular religion in the western kingdoms, so barging into a Priestess’s holy bath and viewing her naked body would make an enemy of the world.

There was even a danger of worldwide criticism reaching the Ishtar Kingdom and not just Tiger Knight General Dixel himself.

“Then...”

With her back still turned and with Hilcruz’s head still in her left hand, Euphoria brushed her right hand back through her wet crimson hair.

Droplets scattered like rubies set in silk and she sent a sharp glance over her shoulder.

“Show some manners and leave this place!”

“E-excuse us...”

Dexel roared an order and scrambled out of the tent to leave with his one hundred Ishtar knights.

“Phew...”

After the Ishtar knight had left, the nuns of the Milka Cathedral all breathed a sigh of relief.

“All of the pursuers have left. We can rest easy now.”

Nun Trainee Sigyn reported on things outside and Euphoria finally let go of Hilcruz’s head.

The boy’s face had been buried in the holy woman’s bare crotch the entire time and he collapsed onto his back.

“Oh, my!”

“Excuse me!”

While the others watched on in surprise, Holy Warrior Gracen dove into the river and dragged the unconscious boy onto the bank.

Velvet placed a hand on his forehead and gasped.

“He has an incredible fever...”

The nun in black looked to the Priestess who nodded as the nun trainee helped her into her red clothing.

“Get Prince Hilcruz onto the carriage so we can hurry him to the cathedral.”

Hilcruz’s wet clothing would have robbed him of body heat, so the nuns stripped him naked. Then they wrapped a blanket around him and carried him into the same carriage as Euphoria.

(Where am I...?)

Hilcruz was awoken by a shaking.

However, he was far from in good health. His body and head both felt heavy, his mind was hazy, and he could not move right away.

“...!?”

He stared blankly with his unfocused eyes and noticed a beautiful face in front of him.

(Oh, is it that weird woman? Does this mean she saved me again?)

He smiled bitterly at that meddling behavior and then noticed a warm feeling.

He seemed to be on a horse-drawn carriage and his head was resting on the Priestess's lap.

(She really is pretty. She looks like a goddess stepped right out of a church painting.)

The calm holy woman looked sympathetically down at the boy who was burning with fever.

"He's still so young... He must have been through something terrible."

Her kind, lovely, and delicate voice sounded like it would fill the heavens.

He was a little surprised since he had seen no hint of this kindness in his first impression of her, but this was likely how she spoke when expressing her affection for sleeping children.

"He's still just an innocent child, but what hells has he already seen?"

"..."

Hilcruz had opened his eyes, but she seemed to think he was still sleeping because there was no strength in those eyes. Euphoria embraced him as if to comfort a child.

He felt like he was dreaming. Normally, he would have snapped back in anger if someone showed him this kind of sympathy.

“He’ll probably talk back to me when he wakes, but he’s so adorable as he sleeps.”

The look on her face made him think of a kind older sister more than a goddess and she poked at his cheek while assuming he was unconscious.

It seemed that young women felt a natural desire to gain the attention of boys who still looked like a child yet had an impertinent personality.

The wheels turned and time passed uneventfully. The regular rhythm of the noise lured Hilcruz to sleep, but then his blanket fell away.

Euphoria reached down to fix it, but her hand stopped partway.

“...!?”

The Priestess was staring at a rod of flesh poking out from a gap in the blanket.

(Huh...? Why is it hard?)

After following the goddess’s gaze, Hilcruz questioned the physical change, but his muddled mind could not bring out the emotion of panic.

This was an erection brought on by exhaustion. When a male’s body was

exposed to the risk of death, it automatically attempted to leave behind a descendent.

The pure and beautiful young woman had frozen in place as she stared at the boy's crotch.

Once some time passed, Euphoria finally came back to her senses and asked a question to the otherwise empty carriage.

"Is this a gentleman's....reproductive organ?"

There was of course no one to answer her.

Hilcruz's mind was in no state to answer her.

"..."

After closely examining the boy's face on her lap and concluding he was asleep, she looked around the empty carriage.

After that suspicious behavior, she held a hand to her chest as if she was having trouble breathing and she gulped. Then she took a deep breath.

"I can touch it...a little, can't I?"

Faint pink entered cheeks as white as virgin snow and she hesitantly reached a hand toward the crotch of the badly-injured boy who was woozy from fever.

She lightly touched the very tip of the flesh rod sticking out of the blanket.

“!?”

She immediately let go, checked the boy’s face, and stared at her fingertip as if contemplating the sensation.

(Huh...? That felt...kind of good... And I never would have thought...she could look like this...)

Unbelievably, the pompous holy woman who had driven off more than a hundred knights in the nude was blushing and fidgeting with an obvious lack of composure.

After being born to a royal family and sent to the temple while young, she seemed to have no experience with men.

She appeared to have completely lost control after seeing a penis for the very first time.

Things might have been different if there were others watching, but this was a closed room. Plus, the handsome boy himself had passed out.

Even the purest of maidens would have difficulty resisting temptation in this situation.

The unsullied holy woman looked back and forth between the boy’s face and

penis for a while, but she finally relaxed. She gulped and moved onto the next stage.

“I can go a little further if he’s that fast asleep.”

She made an excuse to herself, hesitantly reached out her right hand once more, and grabbed the penis’s shaft with her damp and delicate hand.

“Kh...”

Hilcruz could not help but groan. Euphoria’s shoulders gave a start and she checked the boy’s face, but she sighed when she saw no change.

Then her interest returned to the manhood.

“Phew... I-it’s so hard... And warm... So this is a gentleman’s reproductive organ.... He’s just a child, but his penis is so manly... Back in the royal palace, he must have enjoyed all sorts of princesses and maids.”

That was incorrect. Hilcruz was an ambitious boy. He had been so busy working toward his hopes and dreams that he had not had time for women. In other words, he was still a virgin.

“Oh, I only did that because I thought he was a child... Oh, no. What do I do?”

Euphoria belatedly felt embarrassed about embracing the boy in the nude. She squirmed while holding tightly to his manhood.

Her white face had grown quite red and sweat covered her forehead. Her palm was also quite sweaty, so her entire body seemed to be perspiring.

Hilcruz recalled her naked body with the back of his head in her soft lap. He was too exhausted to move a finger, but his penis reacted for him.

“I-it just grew some more... Wow...”

That self-important young woman now gasped in shock, but his penis was neither gigantic nor tiny. It was about right for his age.

The young woman squeezed and toyed with the penis in her hand and the scene simply did not feel real to Hilcruz.

He had only just met this woman today. No, he had apparently met her in the royal court before, but he unfortunately did not remember it. Regardless, the holy woman who had saved his life was now toying with his penis.

He was still naïve when it came to sexuality, so he could only think this was a dream.

His lack of experience with women had left him with some skewed preconceptions. He could not believe that a pure woman like Euphoria could have anything like lust.

But as a healthy woman, a lack of sexual curiosity was simply impossible.

Taking advantage of their privacy, the holy woman turned all her attention in

the handsome young boy's penis.

(Th-that feels good...)

The innocent boy could feel his penis throbbing like never before as the young woman's sweaty hand toyed with it.

"Oh, what do I do? The tip is peeling back..."

His manhood grew ever larger and finally the thin skin covering the head peeled back, revealing the tip. However, it had not peeled back on its own.

Euphoria had deemed him a child based on his appearance and his penis was indeed still a child's.

But the holy woman had lost all control of herself.

She gulped and reached for the partially-peeled foreskin.

"Ah, it's peeling back..."

"!?"

The air stung when it reached the uncovered head for the first time, but even that pain felt good now.

"Phew..."

Euphoria gave a heated sigh as she stared down at the pink flesh she had revealed.

Not only was Hilcruz's penis hard and erect, but his entire body stiffened as if erect.

A clear liquid flowed without end from the hole at the tip and the entire manhood glistened wetly.

"Ah, it's all dirty. I need to clean it up..."

Euphoria probably saw it as an excuse to touch the penis all she wanted. She pulled out a silk handkerchief and grabbed the erect manhood with far less restraint than before. She began wiping off the head.

She thoroughly wiped away the smegma built up below the head.

(Th-this is embarrassing...)

Having such a beautiful young woman pull back his foreskin and wipe away the smegma was unimaginably embarrassing. And the more he writhed in embarrassment, the more aroused he became, the harder his penis grew, and the more precum flowed out.

"Wh-what do I do? No matter how much I wipe it up, it won't get clean. This clear liquid keeps flowing out of the tip..."

Euphoria acted confused, but there was blatant arousal in her voice.

“Ahh, it’s as hard as a rock. And it’s throbbing so much. What should I...what should I do?”

She may not have been aware, but her light purple eyes were filled with an almost oily light.



She was entirely lost in the situation.

She had completely forgotten about her surroundings as she played with the penis.

“Kh...”

Hilcruz felt pleasurable pain as the silk and fingertips kneaded the sensitive uncovered head. All the nerves in his body focused on his penis. And then the explosion came.

“Khhhhhhh!!!”

Hilcruz groaned and thrust his hips up.

The manhood contained in the holy woman’s hand throbbed like crazy, the head swelled wide, and the hole at the tip opened up.

A surge of warmth raced up the flesh tube.

“Ah!?”

Euphoria must have noticed the change in the penis she held because her eyes widened.

The liquid erupted out with such force that it escaped through gaps in the silk cloth surrounding the head.

The milky liquid scattered in midair and created white polka dots on the holy woman's dress-like red habit and even reached her white cheeks that seemed made of marble.

Euphoria let go of the penis, scooped up some of the sticky liquid slowly dripping down her left cheek, and stared at it in a daze.

"Th-this is...s-semen... S-such a strong smell..."

The choking male scent filled the small carriage. Being soaked in a young male's fluid seemed to have eaten into the noble holy woman's mind.

She leaned limply back into her seat while her large chest rose and fell from heavy breathing.

Hilcruz's head still lay half-conscious on her lap.

(That felt amazing... But this has to be a dream. That goddess of a woman would never do that...)

As he let the pleasant afterglow of ejaculation wash over him, his mind blacked out once more.

Chapter 2: Service

“How are you feeling?”

With her face white and clothing red, Euphoria quietly approached the bed and asked her question.

This seemed to be a room in the Vermilion Bird Temple’s Milka Cathedral where she served as Priestess. The large window was open, allowing in the refreshing sunlight and warm breeze of summer. Hilcruz lay on the immaculate bed there.

“Not bad...”

Hilcruz lay on his side and sullenly answered the beautiful woman whose divine aura almost seemed to create a visible halo behind her.

He tried to sit up as a courtesy to the woman who had saved his life, but he gave up when intense pain ran through him and he nearly cried out. He just barely restrained himself because he did not want to shamefully scream in front of women and children.

“That is good to hear. You were asleep for three days.”

Euphoria showed no offense at his harsh attitude and stared down at the stubborn boy as she calmly answered.

Her red hair looked like melted rubies and her light purple eyes were as cold

and clear as glasswork.

Hilcruz had grown up in the royal palace, so he was accustomed to seeing beautiful women. For example, Ishtar's Queen Gloriana was beautiful enough to send a shiver down the spine of anyone who saw her. Men gathered around her like ants to sugar.

(But this woman is different. She's just as beautiful as Gloriana, but she inspires more awe than lust.)

She stood straight as if she had a metal rod down her back and she had a dignified and solid atmosphere which hid a divinity that fit the title of holy woman. Hers was a severe sort of beauty.

Her face was so perfect that she almost looked like a doll, but a powerful will could be felt from her eyes.

She wore a gorgeous religious-looking outfit of bright red and deep red with golden decorations, but she wore it flawlessly. The religious seemed to occasionally have an excellent eye for beauty.

It was true art and religion had been fundamentally linked since ancient times.

The believers would surely be so stricken by that splendor that they would bow their heads and make generous offerings.

In that way, this woman had the charisma needed to receive the adoration of the believers. She truly did deserve the title of holy woman.

And while her body looked as thin as a willow branch at first glance, it was plenty plump and curvy below her habit.

“...!?”

Hilcruz quickly looked away from Euphoria.

(Wh-what am I thinking!? She only exposed her naked body to me at the river because that was the only way to save me. It's rude to think of that when I see her. But I just can't help it...)

If no one had been watching, he would have torn at his hair.

A vivid and embarrassing dream also came to mind.

It was that far-too-embarrassing dream of the noble young woman teasing his penis and guiding him to ejaculation.

Even if it was only a dream, she had saved his life and she was a holy woman, so nothing could be as rude as making her do something like that.

But the more he tried not to think about it, the more his cheeks meaninglessly flushed and the more his heart pounded. It was the fate of all teenage boys.

Hilcruz had more pride than the average person, so he desperately restrained his shaken heart and asked a question to distract himself.

“Why did you save me?”

He could have trusted her if she was his servant, if there was an alliance between their kingdoms, or if helping him would benefit her in some way, but there was nothing of the sort between him and this woman.

He could not figure out why she would be so kind and it made him feel awkward.

The holy woman looked down at the boy who had far too much on his mind in more ways than one and she calmly answered him with a divine aura around her.

“Even the hunter will save a helpless bird that flies to him for shelter.”

“...! I see... So I’m a helpless bird, am I?”

Hilcruz gave a self-deprecating sigh.

She had not seemed like the type to be influenced by emotion, but she must have been just like other daughters of noble families.

A moment later, he felt something dark welling up from deep inside his chest. He gave the cruelest smile he could muster and looked up at the noble holy woman.

“I’m nothing as cute as a little birdie.”

He knew this woman had saved his life, but he could not stand that look of superiority that made it look like she knew everything.

Her cold eyes seemed to see right through him and it made him feel like a hopelessly ugly and vulgar person. It made him realize just how pathetic a person he was and he did not like it.

The holy woman knew no impurity. She seemed to emit a sterilizing aura that would kill any filthy bugs that tried to approach.

Her bright purity reminded him of a clear lake deep in the mountains.

Meanwhile, he was supported only by a dark obsession with revenge, so he was more like a bog thick with venom.

But when you got down to it, she was nothing more than a sheltered young woman who knew nothing of the real world.

Euphoria was probably five years his elder, but he had far more life experience. He had tasted bitter reality more than he had ever wanted. More than taste it, he had chewed it and swallowed it.

Hilcruz wanted to see a shocked look on this supposed holy woman's face and he could not contain the desire to show off his own negative side.

"Look all across this continent, and you'd have a hard time finding many guys as wicked as the one you rescued."

“ ... ”

He was being rather extreme, but the holy woman's expression remained unchanged as she silently watched him. Annoyed by the lack of reaction, he threw the rest of it at her.

He was the one who had led his father Hilmedes to rebel. Irritated by his father's reluctance, he had taken things into his own hands and set fire to the city.

He had driven his father to the point of no return.

“This is an age of war. The Starving Wolf of Domos lies to the north and the Orsini-Sabrina Double Kingdom is rising to the forefront in the south. The ancient kingdom of Ralfint far to the east is apparently undergoing a rapid internal revolution. Any intelligent person who can see the current state of the world can tell the continent is quickly heading toward unification. Meanwhile, only the western kingdoms remain a disorderly arrangement of city states. Before long, one of the major kingdoms will mow us all down. We must unite the western kingdoms and begin an attack of our own before that happens.”

Hilcruz revealed the boiling state of his heart. This was his personal view and he had discussed it with his father and his father's aides countless times.

That belief had led him to act rashly which had resulted in a shameful defeat.

He had believed his father Hilmedes had been a god of war, but the man was now dead. When their mansion had been surrounded, his mother had killed herself with poison and Hilcruz himself had barely escaped with his life.

He had hidden in the royal capital for a while to retrieve his father's head when it was placed on display, but that had been his final resistance.

He had been pursued by troops hunting down the remaining rebels and his father's aides had either died to allow him to escape or had betrayed him.

With nowhere left for him inside Ishtar, fleeing the kingdom had been his only option. He had crossed the wilderness without eating or drinking a thing for a week, found troops lying in wait at the river on the border, and thrown himself into the rapids as a last ditch attempt at survival. That was when the Milka Cathedral had taken him in.

"So my foolish actions got both my parents killed and stole the futures of countless others who belonged to or served my family. It can't end like this. I may be on the run for now, but I will one day take control of some kingdom or another, conquer the western kingdoms, and defeat Domos and the Double Kingdom. That will prove that I was right. And on the way, I will return triumphant to my home kingdom."

Hilcruz's eyes shined brightly and he glared provocatively up at the unsullied holy woman looking so stoically down at him.

"In other words, I'm obsessed with taking vengeance on my home kingdom. ... How about that? Disappointed? How does it feel to know the mercy you showed on a whim will lead to further disaster in this world?"

The holy woman did not react as she listened to Hilcruz's bloody announcement. Afterwards, she slowly opened her mouth.

“You have confessed your sins to me. You intend to take over a kingdom and take vengeance on your home kingdom. But if that gives you the will to live, that is acceptable.”

Her voice was exactly the same as before. She remained entirely calm and her response was so unexpected that Hilcruz was the one who lost his nerve.

“Eh? Wait! Can a holy woman really say that?”

The look on the boy’s face changed and the young woman responded with a refreshing look of her own.

“There is no real reason succession is any more legitimate than usurpation.”

“!”

Hilcruz was left speechless by that bold statement and Euphoria smiled for the first time.

“Heh heh heh. But a kingdom is not that easily taken.”

Her quaint smile had enough destructive power to bring a change to the adolescent boy’s cardiovascular functions.

“Th-that’s true. But I can do it. I will do it.”

Confused by his racing heart, Hilcruz's eyes wandered, but he still managed to act tough. The past week had taught him all too well that he too was ignorant of the real world.

"Eh heh heh. Good luck, future conqueror."

"S-sure..."

The woman was likely treating him like a child and humoring him, but strangely, it did not feel bad. He felt the touch of human warmth for the first time in a while.

"People must not actively view themselves as evil. People can only push themselves onwards if they believe their actions are good."

Euphoria rubbed Hilcruz's head as if to comfort him.

"You must have had a difficult time of it. There is no need to bristle your defenses like a porcupine. Feel free to use your time in this cathedral to heal the wounds of your body and of your heart."

Hilcruz's heart was as sharp as a drawn sword, but she seemed to envelop it like silk cushioning.

(I might be able to trust this person... I might be able to trust Priestess Euphoria.)

The boy glanced over at the young woman's face and hesitantly opened his

mouth.

“Understood. I feel bad doing so, but I will take you up on your offer.”

“Very good.”

Euphoria smiled as the boy looked her in the eye like an abandoned puppy.

He felt a squeezing in his chest when he saw the holy woman’s radiant smile, so he quickly looked away.

His heart was pounding. He had been so focused on politics and his own ambition that he had never fallen in love, so this cardiovascular abnormality confused him.

(I guess I should have expected this from a holy woman. She’s so awe-inspiring I can’t look straight at her.)

However Euphoria had interpreted the boy’s refusal to look her way, she turned to the people who had accompanied her.

“Now, prince, I would like to introduce you to those who will be taking care of you while you use the cathedral to rest. They are all people I trust.”

Three people waited in the room with them and he had seen them all before.

“Velvet here is the manager of the cathedral and she will be in charge of

sheltering you.”

A fussy-looking woman in a black habit and silver-rimmed glasses stepped forward.

“I am Velvet, and as you just heard I am the manager of Milka Cathedral.”

A cathedral’s manager took care of the bureaucratic side of things.

Generally, a priestess, a second priestess, and a manager were the three leaders of a cathedral like this one.

In the cathedrals of the Vermilion Bird Temple, the priestess was generally from a nearby royal family and the second priestess was selected by the priestess. In this cathedral’s case, Euphoria had chosen the old woman from her royal family who had been her wet nurse. The manager generally rose from within the cathedral and was a truly skilled person.

Euphoria next indicated a small girl in a white habit.

“This is Sigyn, a nun trainee. She will be taking care of you while you are here.”

“Um, I’m from Ishtar. You might not know him, but my father is Muslan. He’s something of a merchant.”

She seemed to be in her mid teens, so she was about Hilcruz’s age. True to her age, she had a childish face, narrow shoulders, and no thickness front to back. She clasped her hands in front of her chest and bowed her head inside her white

hood.

“Oh, of course I’ve heard of as great merchant as Muslan. He did a lot of business with the royal family, didn’t he?”

Her face lit up and her small body fidgeted when Hilcruz spoke to her. She seemed to be shy.

“I-it’s an honor. I’m sure my father would be delighted to know wise and honorable Prince Hilcruz knew his name. I will do my very best to ensure you have a comfortable stay here.”

He seriously doubted her father would be delighted to be known by a fleeing traitor of a prince.

But based on the abnormally bright glitter in her eyes, she may have been the type with unrealistic fantasies about princes.

The last person he was introduced to was a beautiful woman who was quite tall for a woman and wore a short top and short bottom.

“This is Sanctuary Knight Gracen. She will be your bodyguard.”

“My apologies about yesterday.”

As the polar opposite of Sigyn, Gracen replied bluntly with no hint of sociability. Her voice was softer and more beautiful than he had expected from her unrefined appearance.

Sanctuary Knight was a position given only to the most skilled of holy warriors.

She had a well-tanned face, her slender eyebrows and sharp eyes were angled upwards, and her mouth was tense.

Her copper hair was very short, her navy top was short enough to expose her belly, and she had a navy paleo around her waist. Her exposed arms and legs were long, slender, and muscular. She had no excess flesh and she looked strong just standing there.

She was a cold flame with fighting spirit hidden within, so she was clearly a warrior woman.

She looked a lot like the type of woman that became a knight, but the aura around her was even more stoic than that. That may have been due to being a holy warrior.

“No, that was your duty. You had to do that.”

“I am pleased to hear you say that.”

Hilcruz liked that kind of blunt personality.

After the introductions were over, Euphoria turned around.

“I will be going then. Prince, before you consider your ambitions and desires, please think about healing your body as quickly as possible.”

“Thank you very much...”

The boy was not used to being treated kindly, so he did not know what to do and obediently thanked her.

The priestess left and Velvet stepped into the spot she had vacated.

“Prince, allow me to make something very clear.”

She looked down at Hilcruz as she brought her right hand to her face and pushed up the center of her glasses frame with her middle finger.

That action seemed to convey her personality and her position in the cathedral.

She was strict, diligent, and fussy. She was the stereotypical old spinster found in any organization, whether a royal palace or a temple. The younger ones would secretly whisper that she was married to her work.

“I am opposed to sheltering you here.”

That was to be expected from the Milka Cathedral’s #2. Euphoria was the weird one for sheltering a political criminal.

“You probably are. If it gets out you’re sheltering me, Ishtar will be your enemy.”

“That is part of it, but more than a hundred young girls have been left with our cathedral so that we might raise them into intelligent and noble ladies.”

“U-umm...”

Hilcruz was unsure what to say and Velvet leaned over him to bring her face close.

“Make *very* certain that you are on your best behavior!”

From this close, he could tell the woman in her thirties wore a lot of makeup for a nun. The makeup was applied perfectly and made her oddly sexy.

“O-of course!”

The boy wished to become a great villain, yet he was overwhelmed by the intimidation of a local cathedral’s manager.

“Your stomach is still weak, so have some rice porridge.”

Sigyn scooped up some of the food in a spoon and brought it to Hilcruz’s mouth.

He obediently opened his mouth with some padding below his back to lift his

upper body a bit from the bed.

“ ... ”

Sigyn stared up at him as he chewed.

The rice was cooked in a broth made from edible algae and flavored with salt. It had then been boiled down into a paste.

The flavor was incredibly bland, but it was the first human food he had eaten in a very long time. His tongue had been fattened by gourmet foods, but even it gave a cry of delight.

“This is really good!”

“Oh, I’m glad ♪”

Sigyn had been looking at the injured boy worriedly, so now she gave a smile of relief and happiness.

Her big, round, and dark eyes sparkled. She also had a small nose, a small mouth, and light pink lips.

The girl was a lot like a yellow tulip.

She was not outstandingly beautiful. She had the kind of simple appearance one could readily find most anywhere, but her normal yet adorable smile helped

heal his hardened heart.

Hilcruz felt he had not seen many people who expressed their emotions so honestly.

Whether they were knight women, witches, or civil officials, everyone around him had mostly just let their ambitions shine through.

“Um... Could I have a little more?”

After eating a bite, he became aware how incredibly hungry he was. No matter how mature he might try to act, he was still a growing boy.

However, he could not move his own hands, so he had to have her feed him. He felt ashamed, but his throat and stomach growled.

“Oh, yes. Please have as much as you want.”

The nun trainee gave a beaming smile as she carefully scooped up some rice porridge and fed it to him, but she stopped before he was entirely full.

“There’s still plenty more, but your stomach might not accept it all after so long without eating. Sister Velvet told me to stop at one plate tonight.”

She looked apologetic and it did indeed seem like too little, but he still thanked her.

“Thank you. I’m feeling much better now.”

“Oh, you’re very welcome. I...I’d do anything for you, prince.”

Hilcruz smiled bitterly when he saw the girl fidgeting like a rabbit and Sigyn tilted her head at his reaction.

“Wh-what is it? Did I do something wrong?”

“No, that isn’t it. It’s just...”

“It’s just?”

Hilcruz trailed off and Sigyn stared up into his eyes with her own large dark ones.

The innocent girl’s face was close enough that they could feel each other’s breaths. The boy was unaccustomed to girls, so heat filled his head and he let something slip.

“W-well...um...I was just thinking you looked c-cute...”

“Cute? Oh, dear... What am I supposed to say to that?”

Sigyn placed her hands on her cheeks and wiggled her slender body back and forth. Her way of expressing embarrassment was also quite cute.

Hilcruz felt an urge to embrace her, but the subsequent pain in his unmoving arms brought him back to his senses. Then he noticed how hot his cheeks were. Embarrassed that Sigyn could see him blushing, he looked away and apologized quietly.

“...Sorry.”

“O-oh, come on...”

Sigyn finally got over her embarrassment and came back to her senses. She removed the padding from behind his back and placed the blanket back over him.

“If you want to recover your strength, you need to eat plenty of nutritious food and get plenty of sleep. It’s boring, but it’s the best way.”

“Yes, that’s right. I’ll do just that. Good night.”

“Yes, sleep well...”

Hilcruz thought as he watched Sigyn leave with the dishes.

(Having her by my side is so calming. She really is a good girl.)

If she was the daughter of Muslan, then she had only been sent here to learn her manners and she would not become an actual nun.

She would likely find a good husband, be happily married, and have and raise

many children. He could see her becoming a good wife and an excellent mother.

(That isn't the kind of life I can look forward to though.)

He had resolved himself to a path of bloodshed, but for now he fell asleep.

Hilcruz's new life of recovery began the following morning. And it was hell. But not physically. It was hell on the psychological front.

"Okay, prince ♪ Shh, shh ♪"

Priestess Euphoria had placed Manager Velvet in charge of him, had Sigyn take care of him, and had made Gracen his bodyguard.

But word that a prince was being sheltered there seemed to make its way around the cathedral in no time at all.

Just as Velvet had warned him, this was a nunnery. The large cathedral was filled with nothing but women and girls, making Hilcruz the only male there. And the vast majority of them were young girls from nearby wealthy families who were here as nun trainees like Sigyn.

Girls at that age were full of energy, noisy, and very curious about the opposite sex. On top of that, the word "prince" seemed to bring unrealistic fantasies to mind and they were oftentimes in love with the idea of being in love.

After living in such a thoroughly feminine environment, Hilcruz was like a rare sort of animal to them.

They had begged their friend Sigyn to find excuses for them to come help.

They were providing devoted care, so Hilcruz was in no position to complain.

But he was still an adolescent boy. After girls his own age cared for him like he was a baby, he felt like he had lost something important as a man.

He was bedridden, so he could not take a bath. Instead, he was stripped naked while Sigyn and the other nun trainees wiped him down with wet towels.

“S-so this is a penis. It’s so cute ♪”

The ten girls were like little birds and their gazes stabbed into his crotch.

(Oh...oh, no... Don’t get hard, don’t get hard...)

Hilcruz silently begged his “child”, but it soon raised its head as the girls’ eyes seemed to lick across it.

“Kyah! It’s growing ♪”

When he heard their shrieks of delight, he could only blush and remain silent.

The girls used their wet towels to wipe down his body, but they showed extra

care and passion when cleaning the boy's penis.

“U-um... G-girls...th-that's...ah.”

Hilcruz hesitantly protested as he burned with embarrassment, but the girls did not seem to hear him as they blushed and stared at a boy's reproductive organ for the very first time.

Starting with Sigyn, they took turns squeezing the rod and massaging the balls to enjoy the sensation.

Euphoria had teased his penis in a dream before. As he had fought the pleasure back then, he had been aware it was a dream, but this time, he was wide awake and it felt far more real.

Sigyn seemed to act as the leader of the nun trainees, so she made a hesitant suggestion.

“U-um... I've heard that filth can collect inside a boy's...uh...skin here. So I think we need to peel it back and clean the inside for him.”

The adorable nuns grew as red as cherries as they exchanged a nod and peeled back the foreskin.

“Ah, ahh... Stop that...”

The boy had never peeled it back himself, yet these girls forced it back.

“Oh, it’s so red... It’s pretty ♪”

“But it looks like the rumors were right and filth does collect here. Look at it all. It’s apparently called smegma. Let’s clean up every last bit of it ♪”

A wet towel rubbed along the bottom of the exposed red head.

“Ahh, ahhhh~”

Hilcruz could not suppress a wordless cry.

(Th-that feels way too good...)

The head was exposed and it was virgin flesh that had barely ever been exposed before.

The adorable young girls were playing with it in the name of cleaning it.

“Oh, some sticky juice is coming from the tip. Ahn, I’m wiping it up, but it just keeps coming...”

His manhood twitched violently and precum dripped down without end. And it seemed the girls were not going to stop “cleaning” until it had stopped.

(N-not good. I-I’m going to cum. But if I do that...)

Hilcruz was agonized by the unfamiliar sensation, but he gathered strength in

his belly and desperately held back. Then Sigyn brought her cherry red face in close and whispered in his ear.

“U-um...prince. You don’t need to hold back. ...You can c-cum whenever you want.”

“Eh!?”

Hilcruz’s eyes widened and Sigyn nodded with a downcast look of embarrassment.

“We aren’t children, so we know a little bit about the male body. When a girl makes you feel good, you shoot out something called, um, semen...”

Hilcruz looked around at all the nun trainees who had seemed like purity itself and they all nodded their blushing heads.

These nun trainees lived in a nunnery where no boys were allowed. He had naturally assumed they would be pure and innocent girls, but the reality seemed to be entirely the opposite. They had difficulty restraining their curiosity in this rare chance to see the opposite sex. They seemed to want to see the moment a boy reached climax.

“Th-then I’m a-about to-...”

“Yes. Go ahead and cum all you want ♪”

When they realized Hilcruz was going to ejaculate soon, Sigyn and the others’

eyes sparkled.

At some point the girls had set aside the wet towels and were rubbing his flesh rod directly.

“Ahhhh...”

As he writhed from the embarrassment of having girls his own age watching as he ejaculated, the red and swollen head swelled out further, the shaft trembled, and precum flowed from the tip. Then his entire body shook.

The girls gulped as they felt the manhood about to explode in their hands. And then...

“What do you think you’re doing!?”

At some point, Velvet had entered the room and she used the corner of the documents she held to strike the nun trainees on the back of the head.

The young nuns scattered and scrambled out of the room.

Left behind, Hilcruz felt both grateful and disappointed.

“Honestly, this is the problem with those young girls... Hm!?”

After driving out the noisy young nuns, Velvet shook her head in exasperation until her eyes landed on the injured boy’s crotch.

After the nuns' teasing, his penis stood grandly tall.

"Um, uh..."

The shock of the unexpected intruder had caused the urge to ejaculate to fade, but the erect manhood did not grow any smaller.

The silence was unbearable and he prepared himself for whatever scolding he would receive.

Even that strict nun's expression froze in place and she looked away. As her eyes wandered behind her glasses, she placed the blanket back over him.

"You will catch cold with that exposed..."

Surrounded by such noisy young girls, his body recovered just fine, but his mind only grew more and more exhausted.

"U-um... Prince, do you have a moment?"

Night had fallen and Hilcruz had recovered a fair bit thanks to the almost excessive care he was receiving.

The nun trainees had left and he was trying to get to sleep when Sigyn spoke

up again after having said goodnight.

“Oh, sure. I slept during the day, so I was having trouble falling asleep anyway.”

“I see...”

Sigyn walked over to the bed and looked up at him with eyes like a baby deer.

“Do you need something?”

“Well, it’s not so much that I need something, but...um...”

“Hm?”

She seemed to hesitate to say something, so Hilcruz kindly prompted her. She seemed to make up her mind because she straightened her back and asked him a question.

“U-um, uh...Aren’t you suffering?”

“Suffering?”

Hilcruz was confused and Sigyn hurriedly explained.

“It feels good for a guy to release his s-s-semen, right? And I’ve heard making a guy hard and then jus leaving him is, um, like torture, so you must be suffering,

and...in that case, please relieve yourself using my body!”

“What!?”

He was flabbergasted that such a pure-looking girl would say something like this out of the blue and Sigyn climbed onto the bed with her face pale from nerves.

She then crawled on top of Hilcruz as he lay below the covers.

This was commonly known as a leopard pose and it would have given off ample pheromones if a woman with sexy proportions did it, but it looked out of place with this pure nun trainee. However, that imbalance provided its own kind of eroticism.

“I’ve heard the female body is the best medicine for men. If my body is good enough, then please use me as much as you want.”

“U-use you...?”

Hilcruz gulped as Sigyn brought her tearful face in close to plead him with a scratchy voice.

“Or are you not interested in my skinny little body after all the beautiful woman you saw in the royal palace?”

“Well, I’m actually...”

For some reason, he was too embarrassed to admit he was still a virgin, so he trailed off as blushing Sigyn said more.

“I want to do whatever I can to heal your broken heart, Prince Hilcruz. I said I’m from Ishtar, didn’t I? All of the Ishtar girls my age longed to be with you. I was no exception. And most of the people are more familiar with you than the current Prince Felix who appeared so suddenly as an illegitimate child of the previous king.”

“ ... ”

Hilcruz held great enmity for that cousin his own age.

(I cannot live in the same world as him. I *will* kill him one day.)

He kept that vow hidden in his heart. He was honestly happy that this girl said she preferred him over Felix who he considered his nemesis.

“I’m serious. I’ll do anything if it will help you, Prince Hilcruz.”

She may have realized Hilcruz’s heart had moved in her direction because she blushed and suddenly placed her light pink lips on Hilcruz’s lips.

“Nn!?”

Surprised by the sudden occurrence, Hilcruz reflexively wrapped his arms around her back, but he did not close his eyes.

Sigyn squeezed her own shut and tears seeped out from the corners. He also felt a slight tremor in her back.

(Th-this is okay, right? She wants this...so it's okay to sleep with her, right?)

More than just wanting to respond to her feelings, the hardworking girl was quite cute and he could not restrain himself much longer.

He held her slender back tight in his arms and lost himself in rubbing their lips together.

“Nn...nn, nmh...”

As he held her to his chest, Sigyn relaxed her body as if to offer all of herself to him.

This seemed to be her first kiss, but it was not actually Hilcruz's first.

His first had been with Gloriana, Ishtar's current queen.

Back when the king had still been alive, he had danced with Gloriana at a ball. She had then invited him out onto the balcony and stolen his lips.

Taking advantage of the fact that his mind went blank and he froze in place, the mature woman had groped the innocent boy's crotch over his pants.

“Eh heh heh. You're so hard. How cute.”

He would never forget the mocking smile on those seductive red lips. She truly was an enchantress.

Living in the royal palace, he would have been able to sleep with as many girls as he might have wanted, but he had never done so even once. The trauma from Gloriana may have played a role in that.

But while he had an aversion to Gloriana, Sigyn was her exact opposite in every way.

Sigyn was plain and pure, with none of Gloriana's mature sexuality. She was also hardworking. She had wanted to serve Hilcruz in every way she could. Moved by that, he fiercely desired her.

He pushed Sigyn down onto the bed as they kissed.

Once he was on top, he lost himself in removing the chest of the nun trainee's habit. Then the kissing finally ended.

"Pant, pant...pant, pant..."

Sigyn wore cotton underwear. Unlike the beautiful women of the palace, a nun trainee was not going to worry about her underwear. The focus was on practicality and it was not at all sexy. But it did look like she had intentionally put on freshly washed ones.

Stripped half-naked, her dark eyes widened and a hint of fear appeared in

them, but when she realized he was not going to move right away, she opened her adorable lips in search of a fresh mood. This revealed her white front teeth. After swallowing the mixture of their saliva, she finally spoke.

“U-um, prince. If your injuries are hurting you...I could be on top.”

“That won’t be necessary. I want to pleasure you.”

A flash of heat filled the back of Hilcruz’s mind. He figured this was what it felt like to be ruled by bestial desire. He wanted to devour the bunny in front of him.

He obeyed his urge to remove the cotton bra, but he did not know how to do so.

Instead, he forcibly pulled it down.

“Kyah!”

Sigyn shrieked and quickly hid the tips of her breasts with her hands, but he grabbed her wrists and forced them to either side.

She was short and her collarbones were slender. Her shoulders were narrow and she seemed delicate overall. She was so skinny he wanted to tell her to eat more meat and fish. Her breasts and nipples were small too.

Hilcruz had little experience with women, but even he could tell she was only just beginning to grow. The girl squirmed as his eyes so intently violated her chest.

“Pant, pant. That’s embarrassing. If only my boobs were as big as Magali’s.”

“Magali?”

Hilcruz blinked at the sudden proper noun and Sigyn quickly explained.

“Oh! Sorry. That’s my younger sister. She’s younger than me, but unlike me, her boobs are really big. Sorry I’m so little even though I’m the older one!”

“Breast size doesn’t really matter. I want to sleep with you because it’s your body. And your breasts are beautiful.”

Her breasts swelled out to the perfect palm size. They were small, but they glittered whitely and had a youthful firmness. The nipples decorating the tips were as beautiful as cherry blossom petals.

Ruled by male desire, the boy lost himself in pecking at the buds before his eyes. Her skin had a sweet and sour scent and he could feel the small nipples stiffening in his mouth.

“Ahh.”

Sigyn’s body jerked as he kneaded the erect nipples.

Hilcruz enjoyed that his actions were providing the girl with pleasure, so he pecked back and forth between the two nipples while kneading the other with his fingertips.



After thoroughly enjoying the nipples, his interest of course shifted to her lower body.

He lifted her habit's skirt and found her white cotton panties already had a wet stain on the crotch. When he looked closely, he could faintly make out some black hair showing through.

"Gulp."

His eyes were bloodshot and he gulped as he reached for the sides of the maiden's final fortress and worked at removing it.

"Kyah!"

Sigyn's cry had some sweetness hidden behind the embarrassment and she lifted her own butt to help. He then pulled the small piece of fabric from her legs.

Some pubic hair grew up from her mons pubis.

Like all virgin boys, Hilcruz impatiently wanted to see the girl's secret, so he grabbed the back of Sigyn's slender thighs and spread her legs wide.

Warm air rose and filled his nose with an intensely sweet and sour scent.

For the first time, he smelled the aroma of female sexuality.

She had a face of purity itself and her body was quite undeveloped, but she was already an adult down here.

He placed the thumb and forefinger of both hands on either side of the maiden's hidden slit and spread it wide.

"Ah, th-that's embarrassing..."

When Sigyn realize he was carefully examining her vulva, she covered her face

with her hands, but her damp dark eyes were secretly peering out from between her fingers. She was too embarrassed to let him see her face, but she was also curious where he was looking.

Their eyes met and the girl asked a hesitant question with her legs spread.

“U-um... Is mine...weird? Are the, um, lips weird?”

“Not at all. It’s beautiful.”

He had nothing to compare it to as this was his first time seeing a woman’s sexual organ, but he doubted he would change his mind. Her maiden’s flesh really was a beautiful pink.

(And it looks really tasty...)

Feeling hungry, Hilcruz stuck out his tongue and took a lick.

“Kyahn!”

A short cry escaped her nose and she reflexively closed her legs, but Hilcruz’s head was in the way.

It tasted salty and sour and it stung his tongue. That had to be the flavor of her love juices. He also thought he detected a slight flavor of urine. It was honestly not a particularly good flavor, but it was an oddly tantalizing flavor that seemed to melt his tongue.

(I want to lick her more and more 🎵)

Hilcruz lost himself in this first taste of feminine nectar, so his tongue crawled all over to slurp up the hot love juices that flowed out.

When she heard the obscene wet noises, Sigyn writhed as if she could barely stand it.

“Th-that place is dirty...”

She held Hilcruz’s head between her knees, arched her back, and convulsed, but he showed no mercy.

(Wow. She looks so pure and naïve, but lick her pussy and she writhes in pleasure. She’s so cute...)

He was so delighted that he was bringing pleasure to the girl who had been so kind to him that he spent a good long time using his tongue to enjoy the firm sensation of her virgin flesh.

“Ahh, ahh, ahh...”

The girl’s sweet moans tickled at the boy’s eardrums.

(Yes, I want to keep licking her like this so much more...but I can’t. My dick... My dick is rebelling!?)

Unable to stand the arousal in his crotch, Hilcruz raised his head.

“C-can I p-put it in now?”

Even he knew how pathetic and desperate he sounded. His penis was so intensely making its presence known inside his nightwear that it hurt.

“Y...y-yes...”

The nun trainee gasped for breath and seemed half dead after her beloved prince had licked her vulva so thoroughly.

The light pink flesh twitched and glistened wetly with the boy's saliva and the love juices she herself had produced.

(I don't really know how this works, but you can put it in when she's this wet, right?)

This was his first time, so he was not entirely sure. But at this point he was not really thinking about her. He could not hold himself back any longer.

Ruled by an animal desire to make this cute girl his own, he pulled his penis from his nightclothes.

Sigyn was entranced by the penis that curved back almost to his navel.

“Ahh, it's so big...and manly...”

Girls were apparently delighted to see a penis standing erect with lust for her body.

Hilcruz felt like he could penetrate steel with it right now.

“Th-then...I’ll put it in. I’m going to put my dick in your pussy, okay!?”

“Oh, yes. G-go ahead...”

Hilcruz nervously confirmed one last time and Sigyn nodded with just as much anxiety on her face.

There was no more reason to hold back. He was so aroused his mind went blank as he spread Sigyn’s pussy lips with his right hand and guided his penis to it with his left hand.

Love juices seeped onto the head that was already wet with precum.

(Ah, it’s going to melt... And it’ll feel even better inside her, won’t it?)

The devoted nun trainee had provided hardworking care and now she was giving him her chastity. Utterly charmed by her, Hilcruz placed his body weight on her.

His erect penis pierced the small girl’s crotch.

“Eek!”

Once the tip slipped a bit inside, she shrieked a little, lifted her hips, and scooted back.

“Hm!? ...What’s the matter?”

Sigyn had been the one to initiate this, so he had not at all expected her to run away at this point and he simply looked confused.

“Oh, it just...hurt a little is all...”

Sigyn looked shocked too and she had tears in the corners of her eyes. Her body seemed unnecessarily tense and she was clenching her fists like a baby.

“Come to think of it, I’ve heard it hurts on a girl’s first time.”

Sigyn had apparently underestimated the pain of being deflowered and a boy obviously could not imagine it. He simply wanted to put his penis inside her as soon as possible.

“Should we stop?”

There was no way he could convince his penis to stop now that it was about to explode, but he had been raised to be a gentleman. He did not want to make a girl cry.

“No. I’m fine. Please put it in.”

She resolutely nodded with some tears still in her eyes.

“Then I’ll go slowly.”

“Y-yes. Thank you.”

As promised, he slowly moved his penis inside. The maiden did her best to endure it, but her body tried to move away on its own.

“Hyah...i-it hurts...”

The girl had dreamed of sleeping with a prince, but her hips alone moved her away like an inchworm. However, the penis pursued her.

The game of tag seemed like it would last forever, but it came to a sudden end.

The head inside her white hood bumped into the headboard.

“Fmh! ...Hyah!”

Just as she was distracted by the unexpected pain to the top of her head, the penis entered her all the way to the base.

“Uuh...”

The girl was sandwiched between the pain in her head and the pain in her crotch, but Hilcruz groaned from the sensation of the wet flesh roughly wrapping around his raging erection.

(Ah, did the foreskin peel back when it went inside!?)

Over the past few days, the boy's foreskin had been peeled back for cleaning and that seemed to have made it peel back more easily now. It seemed to have completely peeled back inside the girl's body.



“Ahh...”

The girl's rough folds of flesh wrapped around the sensitive exposed flesh.

A tingling jolt ran from the head, up the shaft, to the balls, into his tailbone, and then up his spine.

(Ahhh... It's so rough and tight. It's squeezing down on me. It's squeezing...my dick...)

The virgin flesh tightened around the penis as if it wanted to crush the foreign object. It was painful, yet also pleasurable.

He suddenly felt like an idiot for so stubbornly avoiding women all this time. The pleasure was enough to overturn his values.

The girl pinned below Hilcruz wore a nun's hood and had a pure and innocent face. She also had an honest and bright personality. She had to be the star of the nun trainees.

That pure girl had her legs spread wide as she took his penis inside her. The sight filled him with guilt, but it filled him with an even greater urge to dominate her.

His hips naturally began to move in accordance with the male instinct to defile that unsullied nun trainee.

“Kh...”

As if telling him not to move, the stiff virgin flesh tightened around his flesh rod all the more.

But rubbing his hard rod inside that tight cave felt unbelievably good, so he could not stop moving his hips.

“Ahh, ahhhh...”

Sigyn clung to him in her anguish.

His penis was crushed from above and below, but he continued moving.

He could tell the adorable nun trainee in his arms was suffering from the pain of losing her virginity, but he could not stop. In fact, he ended up thrusting his hips even harder.

But luckily for the suffering girl, the virgin boy’s penis did not last long.

“Kwaaaah...”

He clenched his teeth and tried to make the pleasure last as long as possible, but his penis soon swelled out even larger. The head swelled out most of all.

As soon as the rough folds wrapped around that, his mind was burned red.

“Ahhhhhhh! Prince, your penis...your penis is trembling!!!”

The girl had just lost her virginity, but she seemed to instinctively understand the manhood was about to reach climax.

“I-I’m cumming!”

Hilcruz cried out and his manhood twitched violently as an incredible amount of sticky liquid spewed out.

As the girl received it inside, her body jerked in time with the boy’s body.

A boy possessed by filthy ambition pumped his magma-like sticky fluid into the body of that unsullied nun trainee.

The two embraced in search of each other’s body heat and they remained motionless until the penis released everything it had, shrank, and naturally left her body.

Once he had finally come back to his senses, Hilcruz expressed concern for the girl in his arms.

“Pant, pant, pant... Are you okay?”

“Pant...y-yes...”

“That’s good.”

A moment later, he went limp and collapsed on top of her. He sank down onto her body.

She was surprised to have the boy's full body weight on her, but even that weight made her happy.

"U-um...prince. If you would like, I'd be fine with doing this whenever...u-um, prince? Did you fall asleep?"

"..."

Confused by his lack of response, she happened to look at the hand on his back. That gave her quite a shock.

Her hand was soaked red with blood.

"Ky-kyah! Prince, priiiiiiiince!?"

Chapter 3: Holy Warrior

“With injuries as bad as yours, it’s a miracle you survived. You should not push yourself too hard even if you have recovered a little.”

Once every morning, Priestess Euphoria would look at his wounds and provide magical healing. She was not known as a holy woman for no reason, so she was the most skilled person in the Milka Cathedral when it came to healing magic.

When Euphoria arrived for her visit with Velvet, she looked down at Hilcruz, who had been stripped naked by Sigyn and Gracen, and gave a cold sigh of exasperation.

“Sorry...”

The boy could be conceited, but he honestly apologized for once. To be blunt, it was because the reopened wounds hurt like hell.

He had been so focused on having sex with Sigyn the night before that he had torn his partially-healed wounds back open.

When the nun trainee had screamed, his bodyguard Gracen had rushed in, she had realized how serious the situation was, and she had reported it to Velvet.

The bespectacled nun in black had made plenty of harsh comments while quickly applying first aid.

She had also spanked Sigyn on the butt twenty times as punishment and

forced Hilcruz to swear he would never lay his hands on another nun.

But when reporting to Euphoria, Velvet had said the wounds reopened because Hilcruz had been exercising to loosen up his stiff body.

That holy woman had a sheltered background as a royal, so she was a prude when it came to sex. If she learned the truth, it was entirely possible she would immediately kick the two of them out of the cathedral. Velvet was apparently kind enough to take pity on them concerning that.

Hilcruz had judged her on her appearance and assumed she had a stick up her ass, so he had to somewhat rework his opinion of the cathedral's manager.

Of the three who knew the truth, Velvet and Gracen remained calm, but Sigyn was as jumpy as a frightened baby deer.

(I shouldn't have done that to Sigyn.)

Hilcruz felt bad and did not seek after her body again. And after her boss's scolding, Sigyn had not shown up for another night visit.

Then again, the other nun trainees continued their sexual harassment disguised as nursing.

A few days passed and Euphoria continued her magical healing every morning. Thanks to that and Sigyn's devoted care, his wounds were healing up nicely this time.

“I will now begin the magical healing.”

During Euphoria’s magical healing, they were generally accompanied by Manager Velvet, Caretaker Sigyn, and Bodyguard Gracen.

Sigyn and Gracen would remove his bandages and bedclothes, leaving him lying naked in the bed, and Euphoria would hold out a magic jewel to let the warm magic light wash over him.

He had nothing to do while being healed, so he looked up at Euphoria’s face.

Her long, silky hair looked like it was made of melted rubies and her face was white and egg-shaped. She had long eyelashes, angled eyes, a narrow bridge to her nose, and well-formed red lips.

Her pure beauty was truly that of a holy woman.

Hilcruz realized he had trouble dealing with her. He had thought he did not care what happened to others as long as he could fulfill his ambitions, but he found himself not wanting this noble holy woman to hate him.

“...?”

Euphoria suddenly looked over and their eyes met.

Embarrassed that she would notice he was entranced by her face, he quickly looked away. This time, his eyes landed on the chest contained within her habit.

The habit was designed to hide the shape of a woman's body, but a careful look still revealed the bulges of her breasts.

(She's got huge tits for someone who looks so holy...)

The impious boy had blasphemous thoughts about this woman who had saved his life.

He recalled those large breasts he had seen when they had first met and he recalled Sigyn's breasts when they had had sex a few days before.

Those were the only two female bodies he was familiar with, so he could not help but compare them. However, one of the two was more than five years older than the other. It was hardly fair to compare an adolescent girl who was still growing and a young woman who looked mature and at her prime. Still, he could not help but think about how big they were.

If Sigyn's were oranges than Euphoria's were melons.

Her breasts had been like ripe white peaches.

When he had seen Euphoria's naked body, Hilcruz had known nothing of the female body. He had simply been overwhelmed by her beauty.

But now that he had slept with Sigyn, he felt like his fantasies had grown more grounded.

If someone had never eaten meat before, they would not want to eat even the

most delicious-looking meat. But once they learned the flavor of meat, they would be unable to stop drooling when they saw that same meat.

Hilcruz gulped as he recalled her camellia-red nipples and he found himself comparing her breasts to her intelligent face.

(Would she feel pleasure if I massaged those huge tits that stand at odds with her divine-looking face? Would her nipples grow hard? And if I sucked on her nipples, would she cry out and writhe around in ecstasy?)

He looked up at the young woman with a composed look while doing his best to imagine her face contorted in pleasure, but he had trouble picturing it.

Her unparalleled beauty had something divine to it that seemed to repel male lust.

(But she did rub my dick in that dream.)

As he recalled that embarrassing dream, he used his experience with Sigyn to imagine how nice it would feel to hold that woman of unparalleled beauty in his arms and to have her hot vaginal flesh wrapped around his penis.

“!?”

He suddenly realized the magical healing was complete and Euphoria’s icy gaze was directed toward his crotch.

Men were inconvenient creatures. As soon as they had indecent thoughts,

their body gave them away.

“N-no, this is...”

Hilcruz was used to the young nuns seeing his erect penis, but he was not used to this unsullied holy woman seeing it. He quickly covered it with both hands and turned his back.

That prevented him from seeing the look on her face. He did, however, hear her speaking coldly behind him.

“The wounds have healed. This will be the least magical healing session.”

“Oh, thanks. I’m grateful.”

He really was grateful, but he did not have the courage to look the pretty young woman in the eye. He kept his back to her and she placed a slender hand on his shoulder.

“From here on, you must build up your lost strength with moderate exercise.”

“U-understood...”

It was only his shoulder, but she was touching his bare skin and that only made his body grow even hotter.

It was unclear what she thought of the boy, but he heard the rustling of her

clothing as she left the room.

(Oh...she's leaving already? I was hoping she would speak with me a little longer...)

He had rejected her with his behavior, but he still silently lamented the holy woman's indifference. Gracen stepped gallantly forward in her place.

"If you would like help exercising, could I ask you to be my sparring partner?"

Her blunt and unaffected demeanor reminded Hilcruz of a knight woman and he was much more accustomed to dealing with people like this.

"Yes, of course. I would love that."

While Euphoria was an enigma, he had an easy time understanding this woman. He gladly accepted her request and energetically jumped down from the bed for a change of pace.

As a young and active boy, he was sick of his bedridden life.

Even if it was with a woman, he was eager to spar this holy warrior. He hated to lose, so he also wanted a rematch after their first meeting.

But first, Velvet cleared her throat, pushed up her glasses, and averted her gaze.

"Prince, please put some clothes on first."

“Ah! ...Oh, sorry.”

He covered his crotch with both hands again. He simply could not get used to living among nothing but women and girls.

Dressed in cotton, Hilcruz walked out onto the cathedral grounds with Gracen.

It was his first time outside in a week and summer was out in full force. The well-tended grass was like a green carpet and stone paths crisscrossed through it. The bright sun was dazzling and many plants verdantly decorated the cathedral grounds.

They were surrounded by tall steeples and the largest building was the chapel. The other buildings were residences or for the nuns’ training and studies.

The trees and plants were covered in red flowers and red fruit, but that may have been intentional as this was part of the Vermilion Bird Temple.

Hilcruz was ignorant when it came to flowers, but they were so vividly colored that he wondered if they were edible.

Gracen led him to a large sacred tree in one corner of the cathedral grounds. This seemed to be where the cathedral’s holy warriors trained.

In an age of war, even churches needed protection.

“Thanks for helping with my rehabilitation.”

When he was handed a wooden sword, Hilcruz held it at an angle in his right hand. He was not taking his opponent lightly because she was a woman. He had been trained and raised as a knight, so he had trouble balancing if he held the sword in both hands. The left hand was for a shield.

“I am honored to spar with someone as brave and noble as you, Prince Hilcruz.”

Gracen gave a polite bow. She wore a short black top that left her tight stomach exposed. She wore a navy blue pareo around her waist. She also wore gauntlets and leggings for protection.

When she raised her head, she spun around her octagonal rod, lowered her hips, and looked straight at Hilcruz.

“ ... ”

Her short copper-colored hair fluttered in a refreshing breeze.

Her plump lips were tightened in an intense look. Her eyes were sharp yet calm. She was likely younger than twenty, but she had a solid and muscular build. She had no excess flesh. She was far taller than the average man, but the movements of her legs were stable.

She looked like she had been born to fight. That was just how powerful she seemed.

He could tell she was a simple and strong person.

Hilcruz grew more excited. As a warrior, he was always glad to face a powerful opponent.

“Okay, here I come.”

“I’m ready when you are.”

“Hah!”

They moved toward each other with a sharp cry. Wooden sword clashed with octagonal rod like lightning.

“Kyah! Prince, you may be feeling better, but don’t push yourself too hard ♪”

Surprised by the sudden shrill cry of joy, he looked around and found the young nuns gathered around to watch.

The fact that Hilcruz and Gracen were sparring must have spread through the cathedral in no time. Their match was being used as a form of entertainment or a way to pass the time.

“Show him what you can do, Gracen ♪”

Gracen received some cheers as well.

She was apparently quite popular among the young nuns.

He did not know it at this point, but she was actually skilled enough to have been the youngest person ever chosen to be a Sanctuary Knight for the Vermilion Bird Temple.

With that and her tall, androgynous beauty, it was hardly surprising those young girls were fond of her. However, Gracen seemed to find the young girls a nuisance. There was clear annoyance on her face.

The noisy cheering stopped as soon as Velvet showed up in her black habit and silver-rimmed glasses.

“How long are you going to waste time here? Don’t you have work to do?”

After she pushed her glasses up and scolded them, the young nuns scattered.

“Prince, you are still not 100%. Please call it quits after a bit.”

“I know.”

After Hilcruz’s short response, Velvet shrugged a little and left.

With no one left to interfere, the two exchanged more than two hundred blows. They were both out of breath by then, so they took a break below the nearby sacred tree.

The large tree looked hundreds of years old and not even an adult would be able to reach their arms all the way around. That meant it had lots of green leaves that provided plenty of shade. It likely watched the holy warrior women train and then protected them from the summer sun.

“Pant...pant...pant...”

Hilcruz lay sprawled out in the shade and Gracen dumped a metal bucket of water on him after returning from the well.

“Wah!?”

He sat up in surprise.

“The rumors were right about you, Your Highness. You’re very strong.”

Hilcruz stared at her, so Gracen handed him a bamboo bottle with a slight smile in her eyes.

“You’re not bad yourself. I bet you could fight Silver War Goddess Ursula to a draw.”

He took the bottle, sat up, and drank it all down with his back against the sacred tree. Water was the sweetest nectar after some exercise.

(She’s just as lively a young woman as I thought. I really like women with this kind of refreshing personality.)

Hilcruz was a warrior to the bone, so as much as he liked the cathedral's nuns, they seemed to live in a different world. But this holy warrior was also a warrior to the bone, so she belonged to the same mental world as him.

Hilcruz was soaking wet, but Gracen did not bother apologizing as she sat next to him and asked a question.

"Who is Silver War Goddess Ursula?"

"Ishtar's strongest knight woman. No, maybe it would be best to call her Ishtar's latest hero. All of Ishtar's young knights once looked up to her. That's just how strong and beautiful she is. She was close to Crown Prince Felix during his days as a knight apprentice and now they're apparently lovers. She's also the one that killed my father."

Hilcruz answered while finishing off every last drop of the water in the bottle.

"She killed your father...?"

"Yes. My father challenged Crown Prince Felix to single combat, but she stabbed him from behind with a spear."

"In the middle of single combat? ...That's hardly fair."

Gracen's eyes widened, but Hilcruz's expression remained composed.

"It wasn't unfair. It was my father's fault for letting his guard down. If he had

wanted to, he could have killed Felix with the very first strike, but he wanted to toy with the boy. That's why he was killed. How it happened doesn't matter. The result is everything."

The two fell silent and viewed the beautiful garden.

A refreshing wind blew through, carrying a floral aroma. It also carried the scent of Gracen's sweat to Hilcruz's nose.

He looked over where Gracen sat with her long legs boldly exposed and found she was soaked with sweat and her short top was plastered to her skin.

This perfectly revealed the shape of her mid-sized breasts that suited her slender build. And when the sunlight hit her, he could see through the top so well she might as well have been naked.

(Wow, I can totally see her nipples poking out through the fabric.)

This was probably how the holy warrior women usually relaxed after training, but it was too much for a young boy's eyes.

In a way, seeing her nipples through her top was even more sexual than if she had been nude. He was unsure where to look, but he kept finding his eyes glancing back over at them. The young woman herself hesitated a little and spoke.

"Your Highness, I hear you plan to eventually usurp some kingdom or another after you leave this cathedral."

“That’s right.”

He readily admitted it and Gracen’s face moved in close.

“Why not defect to a neighboring kingdom, make a symbol of yourself, and gather troops to take back your home kingdom? That seems far simpler than your plan.”

Her face seemed a little too close, so he blushed and looked away.

“That’s too dangerous a gamble. That kingdom might choose to hand me over to Ishtar to earn their favor. And even if they did give me an army to take back my home kingdom, I would rule Ishtar in name only. My dream isn’t to take back my home kingdom. It’s to unify the continent as a great conqueror.”

Hilcruz looked up at the clouds flowing through the blue sky as he answered. Gracen suddenly stood up and kneeled before the prince who had been driven from his own kingdom.

“Your Highness, I would like to help you achieve your dream of conquest!”

“Hm? What are you saying...?”

Hilcruz was confused, but Gracen’s expression made it clear she was serious.

He had not known her for long, but her appearance and behavior told him she was an honest woman. She did not seem the type for jokes.

“Please make me your servant!”

“My servant? But I don’t have any money to pay you.”

“It isn’t about money!”

He tried to get by with a joke, but Gracen sliced his joke in two and moved in closer.

She was desperate in her own way. She got on all fours and leaned over him as he lay on the grass.

Her entire body was surrounded by the sweet and sour scent of sweat. A woman’s sweat seemed quite effective at stimulating a boy’s lust and Hilcruz was still unaccustomed to women, so he froze up.

“I’m actually from Ishtar too. My father’s name was Daetalus.”

“I-I knew Daetalus. He was one of my father’s aides. He helped train me.”

“Yes. So I actually met you when you were younger.”

“Eh? Really? I had no idea Daetalus had a daughter...”

The dangerous young woman smiled bitterly as Hilcruz’s eyes wandered.

“Of course you didn’t know. My mother was of low birth and my father did not actually love her. He slept with her on a whim and she got pregnant. She died not long after giving birth and an illegitimate daughter is nothing but a bother. That’s why I was sent to this cathedral.”

“H-he did that...?”

Hilcruz had liked Daetalus and the man’s sons had been Hilcruz’s aides. He was unsure what to say now.

“I had heard the rumors that my father and half-brothers supported your rebellion and were killed, so when you showed up here, it felt like destiny. But if you chose the easy path, it would mean that was all you were. I would have simply watched you go. But I’m afraid to say I quite liked your ambition. The goddess must have guided you to me.”

Her plump lips opened and closed right in front of Hilcruz’s eyes and her dark brown eyes were damp with passion.

His entire body felt the heat radiating from her body and he also felt her breaths.

If he had wanted to, he could have leaned forward and kissed her.

“I wish to offer all of myself to you to preserve the honor of my father’s name. I am confident in my martial arts skill, so I am sure I can be of some use. And as luck would have it, I am a woman.”

“Th-that’s true...”

Hilcruz gulped and the holy warrior smiled at her younger master's behavior.

"You look uncomfortable down here, Your Highness."

Gracen glanced down at his crotch where there was an unmistakable tent in his pants.

Just as he had been stealing glimpses of her body, she had apparently been stealing glimpses of his.

"I haven't noticed Sigyn serving you in the bedroom since that night, so are you, um, in need of some relief?"

"M-maybe a little..."

When the boy admitted it, the reliable young woman's face lit up. While straddling his hips, she stood straight up. This placed her pareo-covered hips in front of his face as he leaned back against the sacred tree.

"As a servant woman, I can't stand to see my master's lust unfulfilled. You haven't officially accepted me as your servant, but if you like, please use my body as a taste of what's to come if you accept me."

"U-use your body...? But..."

The tall woman stood before him like a wall.

Hilcruz was shaken and reflexively tried to back away, but the sacred tree was in the way.

He whined like a cornered dog and Gracen pulled up the front of her pareo.

The base of her solid and long legs was tightly contained within sporty low-leg panties.

The fabric was thin and had soaked up her sweat during their sparring, so it was plastered to her flesh.

Her mons pubis swelled out so much it almost looked like she was hiding a boiled egg there. As a muscular woman, her pubis must have been solidly built.

When he looked closely, he could see the shape of her pubic hair and the vertical crevice.

(Oh, it's caught between the lips...)

He moaned at the scent of feminine sweat so near his nose.

"As your servant, I am prepared to offer you my body and my soul. I will of course give my chastity to you. There is no need to hold back. Please enjoy yourself."

Gracen's voice grew a little nervous as she reached for either side of her sporty high-leg panties and lowered them.

Hair a little darker than the copper hair on her head grew on her plump mons pubis.

“Wh-what are you doing...?”

After removing the panties from her beautifully fit legs that were neither too thick nor too thin, Gracen spread her legs while standing.

She then parted the deep copper hair and spread her own slit.

“...!?”

In the sun slipping through the shade of the sacred tree, her pomegranate-like parted labia were right in front of the boy’s face. The fruit inside was ripe and ready to eat. It was overflowing with plenty of juice and it tempted the boy with a sweet and sour scent.

When he had seen Sigyn’s pussy, it had been in a dimly lit room at night, but while this was in the shade, enough bright sun made it through the leaves for him to see quite clearly.

The boy gulped as Gracen spread the flesh further like it was a butterfly’s wings.

“Ahh...”

The love juices collected inside dripped onto the tent in his pants and sticky

strings remained between their crotches.

As he viewed that dripping-wet pussy in the sunlight, more and more sticky and clear liquid flowed out from the bright red flesh.

Only the very tip of the pearl pink clitoris poked out at the very top.

Apparently it did not show its full self even when she was horny.

Her vagina opened wide and he thought he saw a thin membrane-like flesh inside.

He could also see her urethra.

(Wow, so this is what a woman is like inside...)

Hilcruz opened his eyes wide as he stared intently at her, but the embarrassment of being violated by his eyes caused a tremor to run down her back, through her butt, and to her legs. The clear liquid dripped out without end and the hidden flesh twitched, so it looked like a fresh red clam.

“Pant, pant, pant... Nn...I may be a mannish woman, but I do have this hole. Please use it as much as you want.”

Gracen stuck her hips forward.

“Wah!”

Hilcruz tried to escape on reflex, but that only slammed the back of his head against the tree. Then the woman's crotch reached his face.

"Pmh..."

It was something like a standing version of face sitting.

She wrapped her arms around the sacred tree and started moving her hips like the boy's face was a saddle.

"Ahhh... Feel free to enjoy my body. I've decided I will serve you, so I will do so in every way I can. I doubt a muscular woman who could be mistaken for a man is your preference, but you can at least use me as a fucktoy."

Gracen roughly moved her hips back and forth.

It was like she was using the boy's face to masturbate. The plump flesh bun, the smooth pubic hair, and the wet sexual flesh smeared Hilcruz's nose, forehead, eyes, chin, cheeks, lips, and the rest of his face with love juices.

(Wow... What an amazing smell. They're both women, but her pussy is completely different from Sigyn's...)

Hilcruz could not hold back as his face was covered in that feminine scent. He obeyed his masculine instincts by grabbing her butt with both hands and sucking at the core of her body.

“Ahhhh!”



Gracen screamed as her hidden flesh was devoured with the ferocity of a starving dog given raw meat.

Hilcruz continued digging through her with his tongue regardless. His tongue crawled across her vagina and her urethra while he paid attention to how she reacted.

(Wow, it's so salty. It's a lot stickier and saltier than Sigyn's pussy.)

Her love juices were noticeably more sticky and salty than Sigyn's had been.

He had no intention of ranking one flavor over the other. He just enjoyed that there was a difference.

(My tongue is all tingly~...)

As he enjoyed the flavor of this harsh young woman, he was overcome with a mischievous and sadistic spirit, so he reached out his tongue and licked at the tip of her clitoris that was sticking out.

"Ahhhh!"

Gracen cried even louder. Her clitoris seemed to be the most sensitive.

Hilcruz took her small weak point into his mouth and licked it all around.

"Ahhhhh.... If you do that...heeeeeeeee!"

He fully peeled back the hood and kneaded the small bean with his tongue. The strong-willed Sanctuary Knight gave a shrill scream, tears left her eyes, and drool dripped from her lips as she writhed in pleasure.

That tough young woman could not help but behave so immodestly as he kneaded her small maiden's flesh.

Getting a little carried away, Hilcruz thrust his tongue tip into her vagina while poking at her exposed clitoris with his nose.

“Ah, ahhh ♪ That’s amazing... Your tongue... Ahhhn ♪”

Hilcruz did not even need to move his head much. As Gracen wrapped her arms around the sacred tree, she moved her hips enough to pleasure herself.

“Ahahhhahhhhhhhhhhhhh!”

After an especially loud cry, Gracen went limp and slipped down from Hilcruz’s face.

“Ah...”

She wrapped her arms around his head to keep her balance and her crotch straddled his erection.

Since she was both tall and sitting on the boy’s thighs, the breasts inside her short black top were right in front of Hilcruz’s eyes.

“Pant, pant, pant...”

She was still limp after achieving orgasm from cunnilingus. Feeling mischievous again, he pulled up the black cloth covering her chest.

Two well-formed bowl-shaped mounds spilled out.

They were larger than Sigyn's, but about 30% smaller than Euphoria's. They were the perfect size for her slender build.

(Even her tits are tanned. Are the nipples dark because they're tanned too?)

Her areolae were small and the nipples poking out from them looked quite hard.

Unable to contain his curiosity, Hilcruz reached out and grabbed both mounds.

The surface of her skin felt cool, but he could feel the warm blood flowing within. Not too big and not too small, they were the perfect size to fit in his palms. They were easy to fondle.

Her kneaded the flesh starting from the base and stroked the raisin-like nipples.

"Ahn ♪"

The young woman sighed happily while soaking in the afterglow of orgasm.

As Hilcruz enjoyed the feel of her breasts in his hands, he sucked one nipple and then the other.

The nipples grew fully erect in no time.

They were blessed with a rough elasticity, so he used his lips and fingers to persistently toy with them.

“Ah, ahn, ahhhn ♪”

As she moaned at having her nipples sucked, she seemed unable to stop wiggling her hips forward and back.

The fluid flowing from her pussy lips soaked through his pants and reached his penis.

He may have been imagining it, but he thought he felt the heat and shaking.

While bearing with the pleasant sensation and sucking on the hardened nipples, Hilcruz looked up at and observed Gracen’s face.

(She looked so disciplined, but now she looks really horny. You just can’t trust your first impression of a woman.)

This woman had had the harsh face of a true holy warrior, but now her expression had completely melted, her mouth hung open, and both moans and drool escaped her thick lips. There was no hint of the fortitude seen during training.

Hilcruz enjoyed the sense of domination gained by pleasuring a woman until she revealed her true self. His penis was so hard he thought it would burst out of his pants.

Suddenly, their eyes met.

“!?”

She looked down at him, grabbed his head, and lifted it to stop him from sucking her nipples.

“Pant, pant. Your Highness...your face...is a sight to see...”

She had apparently noticed all the love juices she had covered his face with during her standing face-sitting.

With a lustful look in her eyes, she licked at the boy’s face like it was a piece of candy.

“Ah, that tickles, Gracen.”

Despite his struggling, she continued licking her own love juices from his face and then kissed him.

“Nn! Nnn...!”

Gracen’s tongue licked across Hilcruz’s lips and then parted that gate of flesh. The boy obediently allowed in the young woman’s tongue.

She licked his front teeth, moved further in, and tangled her tongue up with

his.

A good bit of her love juices remained in his mouth, but she seemed to be licking that up as well.

(Ah, I never knew a kiss could be so passionate... I think my head is going to fry.)

Hilcruz actively let in her tongue and worked his tongue around hers.

They licked at each other's sticky tongues and sucked at each other's saliva.

Love juices and saliva mixed together, bubbled, flowed from both of their mouths, and soaked Hilcruz's chin.

"Nnn..."

After greedily invading his mouth like that, Gracen pulled back.

"Pant, pant, pant..."

They stared at each other while catching their breath.

Then Hilcruz made a hesitant suggestion.

"Um, Gracen, I'd, well, like to put it in before long. How about it?"

He was of course not even thinking about the possibility of a rejection. However, Gracen showed an unexpected hint of hesitation.

“B-but I’m the kind of masculine woman who gets propositioned by girls. I don’t know how to put on any makeup. I’m tall and muscular. My breasts aren’t very big. I doubt you would enjoy sleeping with a man-woman like me. But if you could at least use me as an outlet for your desires...”

“W-wait a second!”

Shocked, Hilcruz grabbed her shoulders.

“Gracen, I think you’re very mistaken about something. The young nuns aren’t looking up to you because you look like a man. They’re looking up to you as a woman. You’re incredibly beautiful, you’re skilled at combat, and people can trust you. That’s why everyone likes you.”

“I appreciate the flattery.”

They looked directly in each other’s eyes at close range, but Gracen grew embarrassed and looked away.

That cool young woman must not have been able to accept the value of her appearance.

“I’m not just flattering you. How am I supposed to get you to trust me?”

An idea came to mind, so he pressed his erection up against the young woman's bared crotch.

"You're amazingly sexy, so my dick is going crazy telling me it wants inside your pussy."

"Ahn ♪ Then do you accept me as your servant?"

She gave him an embarrassed look and he gave a solid nod in response.

"Yes. I couldn't have dreamed of having as lovely a woman for a servant."

"Understood. Then as a sign of our bond, I will give you my virginity."

Gracen's tough face was suddenly brimming with confidence and a glittering smile filled her dark brown eyes.

(Wait, did she set me up there?)

He had a feeling she had, but he could not hold back any longer.

"Th-then I'll get started."

He sounded like a starving dog in front of some raw meat and he started to push the young woman over, but she stopped him.

"Stay there, Your Highness. You're still recovering and we can't have this

ending the same as with Sigyn. I will put it in for you.”

“Eh...?”

He was confused, but she laid him face-up on the ground. She raised her hips, pulled them back to his thighs, set them down, and pulled his raging erection from his pants.

“Ohh, it’s already so big...”

As his manhood stood tall, as if to pierce the heavens, Gracen sighed and gently placed her hands around it as if to adore a jewel.

“Your Highness, I can place your precious thing inside me, can’t I?”

“Yes, I want to put it inside your precious place right this instant. But it’s your first time, isn’t it?”

“Yes...”

“Then, um...I think it’ll hurt.”

He grew a little hesitant when he remembered Sigyn’s pain.

“I will bear with it.”

She gave a definite nod and a blunt reply.

“Then will you give me your virginity, Gracen?”

“Every last part of me, including my hymen, is already yours.”

She placed her right hand on his penis, spread her pussy lips with her left hand, and brought the tip up to her crotch.

Her hot love juices dripped onto the penis that was wet with precum. A breeze blew in, making it all feel a little chilly.

“Okay, put it in...”

“Yes. I will accept your kindness now, Your Highness.”

With that announcement, Gracen lowered her hips.

His penis stood tall as if to rival the sacred tree above his head. Her ham-colored hidden flesh opened in a circle and the head entered with some trouble.

(Wow, it's so rough inside.)

Hilcruz was shocked by the folds of flesh that wrapped around him.

“Kh...”

Gracen wrinkled her brow and groaned, but she clenched her teeth and continued lowering her hips.

As a Sanctuary Knight, she had more guts than a nun trainee.

The muscles of her inner thighs twitched as the feminine hole swallowed the flesh rod.

With this position, their point of union was entirely visible.

His thick penis entering that tough young woman's crotch bit by bit was an incredibly obscene and powerful sight.

Finally, it was fully contained within her.

(Sh-she's so tight... So tight and rough.)

Sigyn's vagina had also been tight, but it had felt more like she had too little space in her body. Thinking back, hers had likely been a child's vagina that had yet to fully develop. Meanwhile, Gracen's body had plenty of space to take his manhood, but it squeezed down on him.

Her vagina put up a powerful resistance as it squeezed down and he began to worry it would never let his penis back out.

(Maybe women's pussies are as different as their personalities and body types...)

While Hilcruz was overcome with emotion, Gracen lifted her hips.

An obscene noise sounded as his penis was revealed to the outside world with hot steam rising from it.

“Ah, I feel like it’s going to pull my insides out with it...”

Gracen lifted her chin and gave a pathetic cry no one would have expected from her.

“That is a hell of a lot of suction.”

Hilcruz also felt like the rough flesh pot would pull out with his penis as it tightened down on him.

And as he looked at his shaft stickily coming out, his eyes widened.

“Gracen, are you okay?”

The sunlight gave him an excellent view of their union and he saw red blood flowing out.

“Y-yes... I’m fine.”

She had tears in her eyes and her cheeks were tensed, so she was obviously forcing herself to continue, but Hilcruz enjoyed that stubbornness.

They grabbed each other's hands, intertwined their fingers, and pressed their palms together.

They strangely felt like they could sense each other's hearts through their palms.

With their fingers intertwined, Gracen lowered her hips once more.

Her flesh hole was larger than Sigyn's, but it squeezed down tighter. And it produced obscenely sticky sounds as it swallowed the entire length of his manhood much more smoothly than before.

"Ahh, this is like a dream come true. To think my body would be of some use to you... Not even in my wildest dreams did I imagine this...ahhn ♪"

She seemed to have the hang of it now, so she started moving her hips rhythmically up and down. Each time, the flesh rod stirred up and forced out the love juices in her flesh pot.

The flesh pot felt amazing as the rough folds inside tightened around his penis.

Hilcruz clenched his teeth to bear with it, but this was only his second time and he had little endurance. His manhood gave a pathetic cry as it was assaulted by soft feminine flesh.

"Gracen, I'm already about to cum..."

"Y-Your Highness, I...I do want that! B-but just a...just a little longer...just a

little longer and I'll...ahh..."

He desperately held back to give her what she wanted.

The boy had twice the pride of your average person, so if he was going to have sex, he wanted to satisfy the woman.

"Ahn, it's getting even bigger... My pussy... It's going to...pull out my pussy!"

Gracen's personality seemed to have entirely changed. She was sobbing as she held his hands and focused on nothing more than moving her hips up and down.

Her slender body arched backwards, her shapely breasts bounced, her hips moved even faster, and love juices sprayed out.

(Ahh, I feel like I'm being raped by her.)

His first time, he had moved his own hips and ejaculated when he wanted.

But this time, he was not moving his hips at all. He was at the young woman's mercy.

He gathered strength in his lower stomach in a desperate attempt to endure, but he felt like his manhood was melting inside her rough and tight honey pot.

"Ah...Gracen, I can't go on. Please forgive me..."

“Ahhhh, it’s growing even more!”

His manhood grew another size larger and the head spread out, which increased the resistance. In that instant, the crazed feminine movements of her hips stopped and she cried out in joy.

“I’m cummmmmmming!!!”

Just as Hilcruz gave one last shout, something raced up his raging erection and erupted like a rising dragon.

Gracen arched back as the scorching dragon’s roar filled her vagina.



“Ahhhhhhhhhhhhh...”

Being cummed inside must have reflexively triggered an orgasm. Her slender whip-like limbs convulsed, as did her vagina.

Once his manhood lost momentum, her tensed body relaxed and she collapsed onto his chest.

He reflexively held her in his arms.

“Pant, pant, pant...”

The woman was held in the boy’s arms and the boy held the woman in his arms. They gasped for breath and enjoyed the afterglow for a while.

Finally, Gracen hesitantly opened her mouth.

“Your Highness, can I ask one thing to commemorate becoming your servant?”

“Hm? What is it?”

He had nothing to give her and he was fairly certain she knew that.

“Please let me take care of one of your enemies.”

Hilcruz was confused, but Gracen made a serious proposition.

“Silver War Goddess Ursula. You said she is Felix’s lover. That means her position is the same as mine. Once you take another kingdom as your own and return to Ishtar, I will present her head to you.”

When he realized what she meant, Hilcruz could not help but roar with laughter.

“Ah ha ha ha ha ha ha!”

He even shed tears as he held her as tightly as he could.

“Now that’s what I like to hear. So you actually believe I can take over a kingdom and then return victorious to my home kingdom?”

“Yes. I know you can do it.”

She had no way of knowing that, but he could tell she was serious.

He was glad to have someone else who shared his ridiculous ambition that was little more than a madman’s dream.

“Fine then. Felix’s head is mine, but you can have Ursula.”

“Thank you very much.”

From then on, whenever Hilcruz and Gracen sparred, they would sneak away to enjoy their love affair afterwards.

But once it evolved into a daily thing, they were bound to be caught eventually.

“Ahh, prince, prince, if you’re that rough, I’m going to cum again, ahh...”

“You just keep getting more sensitive, Gracen.”

Gracen had her arms around the sacred tree with her butt sticking out. Hilcruz

held that butt as he fucked her from behind.

“You’re so cute, Gracen ♪”

They looked over in surprise at the sudden shrill cheer and found Nun Trainee Sigyn with her eyes damp with emotion.

“Kyah!”

Strong-willed Gracen gave a girly shriek, but there was no hiding it now.

Sigyn was already walking over.

“Gracen, um, I’d always thought you seemed kind of dangerous or hard to approach or whatever, but you’re so cute when you let the prince fuck you. You’re just a girl at heart too ♪”

Gracen thought her face was going to burst into flames as this girl viewed it so closely while she had a penis inside her.

“Prince, um, my butt, uh, isn’t swollen anymore, so can you, um, show me some love like you are Gracen?”

Sigyn fidgeted as she made her proposition and Hilcruz smiled.

“You want to have some fun with us, Sigyn?”

“Yes ♪”

Once her butt had recovered from the spankings and the pain of losing her virginity had faded, she must have been unable to forget the flavor of a man.

Hilcruz got up, pulled Sigyn close, and stole her lips.

“Ahn ♪”

He penetrated Gracen from behind once more and sucked on Sigyn’s lips. He groped one of Gracen’s perfectly sized breasts with his left hand and one of Sigyn’s palm-sized breasts with his right hand. As he enjoyed himself like that, he heard another shrill voice.

“Ah, no fair~ Why only Gracen and Sigyn? ♪”

He looked up and found himself surrounded by the nun trainees who looked after him on a daily basis.

“Um, do you all want to have, uh, sex too?”

“Yes ♪”

The girls all nodded at once.

“But aren’t you going to become nuns?”

“We’re only here to study. There are only a few who are really going to become nuns.”

The girls’ eyes were sparkling excitedly.

Sweating from that heat, Hilcruz made a hesitant suggestion.

“Then...you already take care of me every day, so, uh, if you’re fine with me, um...how about we make that routine a little more fun?”

“Kyah~~~ ♪ Having my chastity taken by a prince is like a dream come true ♪”

The temple’s lovely maidens gathered around the prince’s carnal flesh.

Chapter 4: Sinful Nun

“You can secretly view the chapel from here.”

Rumors of Hilcruz recuperating at the Milka Cathedral seemed to have made their way outside.

The famous knight woman named Ursula had arrived as a messenger from Ishtar.

The knight woman had been sent instead of Tiger Knight General Dixel, who was in command of pursuing Hilcruz, because this was a women’s only cathedral.

Still, Silver War Goddess Ursula had once been Crown Prince Felix’s master and she was now known as his most beloved woman.

Most importantly, she was the one who had actually killed Hilcruz’s father Hilmedes during the coup d’etat.

Hilcruz always tried to act like a courageous warrior, but there was no way he could remain calm when he heard that name.

Priestess Euphoria had promised to shelter him, but refusing to directly meet with the kingdom’s messenger would only amplify their suspicion. Ursula had demanded an audience inside the chapel. When he heard about that, Hilcruz insisted on watching the confrontation from a hidden room.

The chapel’s left wall contained a painting of an angel, a goddess, and a red

bird playing by the water's edge. One of the stones inconspicuously drawn on the lake's surface was a magic jewel and it could be used to peek in from the adjacent room.

"Thanks. This is a huge help."

He thanked Velvet for guiding him here and she responded with her usual fussy complaints.

He immediately peered into the cathedral and saw Nun Apprentice Sigyn run inside.

"Lady Ursula from the Ishtar Kingdom is here."

"Very good. Let her in."

Bishop Euphoria nodded calmly up in the pulpit. A special sunbeam shined down on only her, enhancing her divine aura.

Her expression was so unchanged that one had to wonder whether she lacked the nerves that provided tension.

The large door opened and the troublesome woman walked in.

(!?)

She had enough of a presence that Hilcruz gasped the second he laid eyes on

her.

As the light warrior type of knight woman, she had the ideal combination of functional beauty and aesthetic beauty. Her body was as well-forged as a saber and he could see why she was known as the Silver War Goddess. She was a bold and powerful woman.

Gracen and the rest of the Vermilion Bird Temple's holy warriors were lined up along either side of the chapel to intimidate the woman, but Ursula showed no fear as she walked boldly down the center. Two knight women followed behind her as bodyguards.

She stopped just below the pulpit and audibly brought her heels together in a perfect knight's salute.

"It is a pleasure to meet you. I am Ursula, commander of Ishtar Crown Prince Felix's Roaring Dragons. I appreciate that you agreed to meet me here, Lady Bishop."

Euphoria replied in an aloof fashion.

"Thank you for visiting. I am Priestess Euphoria, Bishop of the Vermilion Bird Temple and leader of this diocese. The valiant name of Holy Knight Ursula is spoken of even in this land. It is an honor to meet you."

The sunlight shining through the stained glass skylight caused the surrounding air to glitter like a kaleidoscope.

The red-haired holy woman and the brown-haired knight woman faced each

other in the magnificent chapel. They were beautiful in very different ways, but both were undeniably beautiful.

It was a wondrous sight. Hilcruz felt like he was watching a mythical scene.

But the words spoken by Ursula, one of the stars of that myth, were extremely prosaic.

“First, I would like to apologize for how rudely our kingdom’s people treated you, Lady Bishop.”

“No, that was partially due to my own carelessness.”

“I appreciate your saying so.”

Ursula brushed her long brown hair back in annoyance.

“Now, let’s get to why I am here today. There are rumors stating that Hilcruz, our kingdom’s traitor, has fled to this cathedral.”

“Rumors, you say?”

“Yes. Rumors.”

The eyes of an icy beauty clashed with those of a fiery beauty, but Euphoria finally shook her head as if to say that was not enough.

“Now, how am I supposed to respond to something as vague as rumors?”

“I apologize. I should have phrased my question better. Let me restate that: Is Hilcruz, our kingdom’s traitor, staying in this cathedral?”

Ursula did not bother playing games. She got straight to the point. The look in her eyes was like a machete. She was silently telling her opponent she would reveal every last one of their secrets.

But Euphoria replied gracefully with her face as unmoving as ice.

“Prince Hilcruz is not staying in our cathedral.”

Hilcruz was a little shocked by her audacity.

Her expression remained composed even as Ursula glared at her so fiercely.

Finally, a sardonic smile appeared on the knight woman’s lips.

“Honestly. They say a warrior lies as a strategy while a priest lies to earn a living, but it would seem that’s true. Not only are you smart, you have guts too. I have a feeling you could lie to my face without batting an eye. Let me ask one more time: Is Hilcruz the Traitor really not here?”

“There is no one like that here.”

Euphoria’s expression remained entirely calm.

Ursula had no material evidence and she had arrived based on mere rumors, so she knew she could not continue this line of questioning. But she was not a celebrated knight for nothing. She was not naïve enough to simply take the priestess's words as fact and leave.

"Then might we search the cathedral for ourselves?"

"That would be a problem. As an unwritten rule, our cathedral rejects interference from any kingdom."

Ursula nodded at Euphoria's argument.

"Fair enough. But the Ishtar Kingdom has long had an amicable relationship with the Vermilion Bird Temple. Could you take that into consideration and bend that rule? I promise only knight women will perform the search. If you have nothing to hide, then it would be best for both of us if you cleared away all of our doubts!"

Euphoria gave a troubled frown.

"You are asking for the impossible. The principle of temple inviolability is not my personal rule; it has been won over the long history of the Vermilion Bird Temple as a whole. I cannot make an exception on my own discretion."

"I am only asking for a small exception. And whether Hilcruz the Traitor is here or not, we will provide your cathedral and the Vermilion Bird Temple with a suitable sign of our gratitude. You can even report to your headquarters that we forced you to comply with military might."

That was more or less a threat, saying that was exactly what they would do if Euphoria refused.

Even Euphoria fell silent at Ursula's forcefulness.

This ferocious lioness could not be calmed with mere argument.

Sparks burst intensely between the calm red eyes and the ferocious brown eyes.

But then a woman cut in between them.

"The Priestess is saying he isn't here."

It was Gracen with her octagonal rod. The young holy warrior stood so close to Ursula that their noses nearly touched. She was glaring at the knight woman.

Gracen was a bit taller, but Ursula had the wider and thicker shoulders.

Both of them had a similar aura, as they were both women who lived in a world of war.

Ursula was twenty-four, six years older than Gracen, so her body was far more mature. She was blessed with many curves and that meant she would have the greater body weight.

More body weight meant more strength.

“Stand back, wench!”

Gracen was not cowed by Ursula’s shout.

“It is our duty as holy warriors to beat down anyone who opposes the Priestess.”

Gracen’s fearless arrogance led Ursula’s bodyguard knights to place their hands on the swords at their hips.

“How rude!”

The Sanctuary Knights reacted by reaching for their weapons.

“You are the rude ones!”

Just as the tension reached its peak and the Sanctuary Knights and Royal Knights were about to cross swords, Ursula stopped her bodyguards.

“Well, that should be enough. I will show deference to the bishop for today.”

Ursula turned around. Everyone sighed when they realized she was leaving the chapel.

But just before she started toward the exit, Ursula came to a stop.

“Hey, you. Do you have some kind of grudge against me?”

“No, I have never met you before. How could I possibly hold a grudge?”

Gracen gave a proper reply, but a sneer entered Ursula’s voice.

“Oh, really? You expect me to believe that after glaring at me with murder in your eyes?”

“!?”

Ursula drew her sword as she turned back around and swung it down from above.

Gracen held her octagonal rod horizontally and caught it before her eyes with a loud clang.

“What are you doing? This is absurd!”

Ursula had no interest in listening to Gracen’s protests. She gradually pressed her body weight on the sword and spoke.

“You have some skill. What is your name?”

“Sanctuary Knight Gracen.”

The sword-like beauty gave a brutal smile.

“The look in your eyes is all the proof I need. Prince Hilcruz is in this cathedral.”

“The Priestess said he is not...”

The holy warrior woman’s voice sounded strained and the knight woman pressed down with even more of her body weight. Gracen could not bear it any longer and fell to one knee. Ursula had the upper hand in a competition of pure strength.

“And you’ve fucked the prince.”

“Im...possible...”

As Gracen forced out her voice while sweating bullets, Ursula pulled back her sword and sheathed it.

“Women are inconvenient creatures. The emotions of the man they love become their own. You have the look of a woman who has offered up her body and soul. Tell this to Hilcruz. ...No, I imagine he’s listening.”

Ursula looked across the entire chapel and raised her voice.

“Hilcruz the Traitor! Tremble in fear and hide behind your women while you can. We cannot touch you as long as you remain inside this cathedral, but take one step outside and I will send you to meet your father.”

With those parting words, Ursula gallantly left.

“Goddammit...”

Hilcruz had of course heard Ursula’s provocation.

He had always had a short temper, so if Velvet had not held him back, he would have run into the chapel while yelling at the top of his lungs.

The giant mounds of human warmth pressed softly against him were oddly effective at quelling his anger. That said, he seriously doubted he could remain calm for long.

“Why not return to your room and rest a while?”

He accepted Velvet’s suggestion and left the room.

As he walked down the hall, his vision started spinning. Unpleasant sweat poured from his body and he felt nauseous. His anger had apparently been powerful enough to send the blood rushing to his head.

Before long, he could not even walk properly, so he leaned against the wall and sat down on the floor.

“Prince, are you okay?”

Velvet panicked and worriedly rubbed his back.

“...Power.”

“What?”

Velvet was confused, but he muttered madly to himself without paying her any heed.

“I need power. I-I will kill that woman. I swear I will. I’ll kill Felix too. Mock me if you like, but mock those I care about and I will have my revenge. But I can’t do it now. I have no power. But just you wait. I will have that power in due time.”

He was so angry his blood seemed to be boiling and he lost control.

After his crazed declaration, he went limp.

Velvet placed her hand on his forehead and sighed.

“You’re a little anemic. This is what happens when you get so worked up when you haven’t fully recovered. Fine then. Get some rest. Fortunately, my room is right over there.”

She guided him into the room and he collapsed face-first into the bed.

The large pillow must have just been hung out to dry because it smelled like

sunshine.

“Honestly, you might think you have your strength back, but it was only a week ago that you were so badly injured it’s a miracle you survived. I’ll go get you some water, so stay there.”

When the room’s owner left, the boy managed to relax some and looked around the room.

He had never really thought about it, but he had never been inside someone else’s room before. And this was a woman’s room.

However, this was a strict nun’s room, so it was a dreary room with no personal possessions.

That said, the window was open and a nice breeze came in.

“ ... ”

With nothing to do, he simply let his intense anger cool. Before long, he noticed something oddly hard below the large fluffy pillow he was burying his face in. He reached underneath and did indeed find something hard there. He casually grabbed it and pulled it out.

“Hm? What is this?”

He glanced over with his face still in the pillow and saw something black. It was made from a gentle and smooth magic alloy. It was about the size of a child’s

upper arm. A man's fingers could only just barely reach all the way around it. At first glance, he thought it looked like a short sword, but it was too misshapen for that. He could not figure out why the tip was a size thicker than the rest.

He rolled onto his back, held up the strange object, and stared at it.

When he heard a shattering sound, he looked over in surprise to find a pale-faced nun in black standing in the doorway. Based on the glass shards and puddle of water at her feet, she must have dropped the water she had gotten for him.

"E-excuse me."

Velvet was clearly shaken and she hurriedly shut the door.

She quickly crouched down, activated some magic, and gathered the scattered shards together.

Hilcruz did not know why, but he felt an odd intensity in her speed and decided to apologize.

"Sorry. I didn't mean to rummage through your things. It's just that I felt something hard under the pillow... But what is this used for? Hm? This thing on the bottom is a magic jewel, isn't it? So does it move if you give it magic?"

Hilcruz had been taught the basics of magic, so he gave some slight power to the magic jewel.

The mysterious tool's tip immediately rose up as it vibrated intensely.

"Wow, this thing really moves."

"Y-yes..."

The veteran nun's paled face grew red. She normally looked down on others with great confidence, but now her presence was on the verge of vanishing.

A mechanical buzzing filled the air between them.

Hilcruz could find nothing to say and fell silent, but there was obvious sweat pouring down the face of the woman who managed the cathedral and was known for keeping her cool. Unable to bear the silence any longer, she finally spoke in a shrill voice that was very unlike her.

"Th-that is a sample that a friend of mine forced me to take! I promise you it wasn't something I wanted!"

"I see. So you got it from a friend?"

Overwhelmed by her desperation, Hilcruz tilted his head. Velvet continued her explanation even though he had not actually asked more.

"Y-yes. I-I am from the great and ancient eastern kingdom of Ralfint and I attended Great Sage Tode's magic school when I was young. A cheerful girl named Orphen was an underclassman of mine and she now runs a small magic tool shop. When I visited her there, she forced me to buy this, so, um..."

“Hmm... I see. So you were originally a witch. Why did you decide to become a nun?”

Velvet pushed at her glasses and hung her head in embarrassment.

“I-I was married once, but my husband died in a war, and...”

A noble widow losing hope for the world and becoming a nun was a common story. It was a stereotypical past for the Vermilion Bird Temple’s nuns.

“But you’re still young, Velvet. Couldn’t you have remarried instead?”

“Well, um...”

Hilcruz’s left palm restlessly stroked the object in his right hand.

When she saw that, sweat covered Velvet’s body so intensely it seemed it would steam up her glasses. She finally made an awkward confession.

She was originally from a fairly well-off family and she had married into a similarly positioned family, so she had inherited a decent amount when her husband died. She had also been a young, beautiful, and talented widow, so there had naturally been much talk of remarriage.

She had been disgusted by the intensity of it all, left the family to her husband’s younger brother, and gone off to become a nun.

“Hmm. I see. That must have been tough.”

He pretended to sympathize, but he secretly felt it was a lifestyle he could never even imagine living.

“So what does this tool do?”

When he repeated his original question, the nun in black blushed while a veritable waterfall of sweat poured from her body. As the boy stared at the mature woman’s entire body, she held herself in her arms and finally made a quiet confession.

“It is a d-dildo...”

“It’s called a dildo? And what is it used for?”

The innocent boy continued rubbing the glossy black object in his hand. The widow subconsciously tensed her thighs. Velvet confessed the truth as her eyes grew damp behind her glasses, as if she had awoken to masochistic pleasure.

“I-it is a tool for women to pleasure themselves.”

“For women to pleasure themselves... Ah!?”

The boy finally realized what the object in his hands was for. It was shaped much like something he held on a daily basis.

“O-ohhh... I see...”

He held the thick rod in front of his eyes as if admiring it.

The adult woman he could see past it was hanging her blushing head and tightly squeezing her black skirt. Her behavior made him think he was doing something indecent, but he still asked an unnecessary question.

“V-V...Velvet, have you ever used this?”

“A-a little...”

Her white face had grown as red as a tomato as sweat poured down it, but she nodded.

Hilcruz found her embarrassment incredibly sexy, so he gulped and asked more.

“A little? So you have used it?”

“I’m not sure if it even counts...but just a little...bit...”

She must have known excuses would be pointless when he held the object in his hands, so she admitted it.

“Hmm... So you’ve used it.”

Even if she had cut herself off from her worldly life, she had failed to cut herself off from her body.

Hilcruz looked back and forth between the thick fake penis in his hand and the nun who was awkwardly hanging her head and meaninglessly stroking the hair held inside her hood.

Even through her black habit, she had noticeably large breasts and a mature female body.

Seeing that boldly intelligent woman looking so embarrassed seemed incredibly obscene.

The young nuns feared that woman like a demon, but she lowered her head after misunderstanding what the boy's gaze meant.

"I'm sorry."

"Oh, make no mistake. I wasn't condemning you for it or anything. I have no right to do that. It's just that you said sexual things are wrong and spanked Sigyn for having sex with me."

The impertinent boy gave the nun in black a searching look.

"Yes. Our cathedral's standard policy is to raise ladies with both intelligence and character."

“Then isn’t it a problem that you’re hiding this in your room?”

Velvet hung her blushing head but shook her head.

“No. There is no doctrine or rule about this. But I have to keep up appearances, so...um, if possible, could you keep this a secret?”

“Yeah, I guess it would be awkward if it got out you have something like this.”

“Y-yes...”

Pale-faced Velvet’s eyes wandered behind her glasses, she licked her thin lips, and she gulped again and again.

Hilcruz had thought she was a frightening woman, but now he felt a desire to tease her.

He toyed with the object in his hand and peered in the nun’s blue eyes.

“I don’t have a problem with you. If there wasn’t someone like you to make sure the rules were followed, any organization would lose all self-control.”

“Th-thank you...”

Velvet sighed quietly.

But it was too soon for the diligent nun to relax. The ambitious prince moved

his face in meaningfully close.

“But. This is my first time seeing a magic dildo. And it’s so big too. I’m a little ashamed to say so, but mine isn’t this big.”

Hilcruz had never felt inferior concerning his penis size, but he did feel a little uncertain when he saw one a few sizes larger than his own.

“So. I’m curious whether something this big can really fit inside a woman. I-I’m not saying I’ll tell everyone if you don’t, but could you let me see you using it?”

Hilcruz gulped nervously as he pleaded with his face in close.

“W-well...”

“Please?”

The lovely boy held up the almost brutally thick dildo as he asked his innocent question.

The widow with an ample and mature body was soaked with sweat and trembling. She shook her head and took a step back, but her back hit the door she herself had closed.

Cornered, she answered through her stiff throat.

“I-I can’t...”

“Why not? You’re always sticking it inside, aren’t you?”

“Not always. O-only occasionally...”

Embarrassed, Velvet stubbornly insisted that point. It made little difference whether she was always using it or only occasionally using it, but that small difference seemed to matter to her.

“Okay. If you occasionally use it, then show me how.”

He held the fake penis in front of her face and the Milka Cathedral’s capable manager fell onto her butt like a lady threatened by a blade.

(Wow, that’s sexy. She’s always so strict, but she’s actually really sexy.)

He found a strange charm in the teary eyes behind her silver-rimmed glasses. The gap from her normally arrogant personality made him want to tease her.

It was also possible he was in an aggressive mood after getting worked up by Ursula earlier.

“Ahh, I can’t put that in right away. U-um...I’m not wet...”

“Oh, that’s right. You have to get a girl’s pussy wet first. Well, that just means we’ve got to get you wet. So how do you usually get yourself wet, Velvet?”

“I pleasure myself a little...”

The tearful young woman breathed heavily through her thin, half-opened lips, her blush reached her neck, and she made her pitiful confession.

“What do you mean pleasure yourself?”

“I m-masturbate...”

It almost seemed to pain Velvet to speak that dirty word and she seemed about to pass out.

Her behavior was unbearably sexy. It filled Hilcruz with a sadistic feeling he had never felt before, so he pressed the strict lady further.

“Ohh, I get it. This is a tool for women to masturbate. Masturbation, huh? I’ve never seen a girl masturbate. Hey, Velvet, could you let me see you masturbate?”

Hilcruz’s eyes crawled across her body and she must have realized he was imagining her masturbating. Velvet squirmed as if he was physically caressing her, but she still stubbornly refused.

“Ahh... For the love of god, please spare me that...”

“Then maybe I’ll go and tell Priestess Euphoria you have this. Or maybe it would be better to tell Sigyn and the others.”

The boy had excellent negotiation skills and he lightly rubbed the fake penis against the beautiful woman's tense cheek with a mischievous smile on his own face.

"Ah, ahh... O-okay. I'll do it..."

The good-hearted nun of the Vermilion Bird Temple finally folded.

While Hilcruz sat on the bed, Velvet kneeled on the stone floor and licked her thin lips several times while her shoulders trembled. Her tension was infectious, so Hilcruz gulped too.

Then the nun in her thirties grabbed her breasts through her black habit.

Her breasts had obviously been large, but pressing the cloth against them revealed the extent of their size.

They were gigantic for her slender build. Those weighty-looking mounds of flesh were so incredibly soft that her fingers dug into them to an obscene extent.

(Wow. Sigyn's and Gracen's aren't even close to this big.)

Unable to bear having his gaze on her body, Velvet trembled and warm breaths escaped her lips.

"Ah...ahn..."

Those breaths were oddly sexual. They were lower pitch than the young maid apprentices or holy warrior that Hilcruz had heard before and that helped them reverberate through his body.

Before long, he could not stand just seeing her large jiggling breasts through her clothing.

(I want to see her tits...)

The boy's unvoiced desire must have reached her because Velvet reached her behind her neck to undo the hook there.

She then removed her arms from the long sleeves while making sure he could not see her chest.

(Her tits. Velvet's huge tits are jiggling.)

As the boy watched on with a blatant look of arousal on his face, the woman slowly and gradually removed her clothing as if performing a striptease. Finally, she removed the top of her nun's habit.

"!?"

Velvet was a slender woman with delicate shoulders and thin collarbones, but the breasts swelling out from those collarbones were large indeed.

They almost looked like watermelons and they were supported by a gorgeous bra decorated with plenty of black embroidery.

True to her noble past, she was fond of fine clothes.

There was no law forcing a nun to live with only the bare necessities. In fact, religious officials generally had an excellent eye for aesthetics. She likely wore beautiful panties as well.

“Eh heh heh...”

A bewitching smile appeared on the nun’s lips when she felt the boy staring at her chest.

She had likely forgotten her position as a nun, so her instincts as a woman were rising within her. She enjoyed filling a young male with lust.

Aware of the boy’s heated gaze on her, the widow reached behind her back and removed the bra.

Hilcruz thought his eyes were going to pop out of his head when those white and soft-looking breasts spilled out.

(Wow. Th-they’re huge!)

This was nothing like the young girls he had been fooling around with lately. The mature breasts of a real woman packed more of a punch.

(They’re half as big again as Priestess Euphoria’s.)

Those massive breasts could only be described as milk tanks and the nipples were large too. The red areolae looked like peony flowers and the nipples were plumply erect.

The flesh must have been a little too soft because the nipples sagged down a little, but that was obscene in its own way.

(Th-that's so hot... Her tits are way too sexy.)

Hilcruz forgot to blink as he stared at those lewd breasts. It might not have been enough to burn a hole in them, but he thought the intensity of his gaze might at least move those soft mounds.

“Ahh, don't stare like that...”

Even as shame filled her body, Velvet began pinching the large nipples decorating the tips of her giant breasts. She was clearly putting on a show for the boy.

The large nipples swelled out even further.

“Ahh~ Ahh~ Ahhhn~~~ ♪ Ahhh, no~ When you're watching... Prince, when you're watching...ah...it feels so good...”

Her personality seemed to have made a complete 180. That strict nun was pinching, pulling, and kneading her nipples while giving off an aura of sexuality that would make a prostitute blush.

(Slutty. This is what they call being slutty...)

The boy was overwhelmed by her extreme transformation and Velvet must have felt an urge to put on even more of a show. She suddenly lifted her right breast as if scooping it up from below.

Then she lowered her intelligent, bespectacled face.

(!? She's licking her own tits!?)

Hilcruz had fooled around with the cathedral's young nuns, but he now learned his knowledge of women was extremely lacking.

Velvet gave him a flirtatious glance from the blue eyes behind her glasses as she stuck her damp red tongue out from between her scarlet lips and licked around her areola.

Hilcruz fell into horny speechlessness as he watched the woman's dancing tongue. He eventually spoke up in a weak daze.

"V-Velvet... Th-that's really hot..."

"Ahh, I'm supposed to be a nun, yet I have such a slutty body. Ahh, no. When you're watching...when you're watching, I feel even hornier. Ahh, why is my body so slutty...?"

Velvet confessed her sins, but she also realized the boy was thoroughly

charmed by her body. A narcissistic smile appeared on her lips as she sucked each nipple in turn.

Hilcruz gulped at this woman's secret sexuality.

He realized now that Sigyn and Gracen were nothing more than inexperienced little girls. This here was a real woman.

As the woman lost herself in masturbation, Hilcruz followed a mischievous urge and pressed the fake penis against her giant breasts.

"Ah, wha-ohhhhh!?"

The magic dildo nearly bounced back, but he pushed harder so it pressed into the soft flesh.

He was not aware of it, but his actions were being guided by the mature woman's aura of sexuality.

How could he not tease such a sexual body?

"Your tits are too lewd. Lewd tits like this need to be punished!"

Filled with a sadistic arousal, Hilcruz pressed the vibrating fake penis all over her soft breasts.

"Ahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh!!!"

Velvet cried out but did not try to escape as the vibrating fake penis teased her large nipples.

Hilcruz toyed with those sexual breasts all he wanted. He asked a question while he teased the nipples which were quite hard compared to the extreme softness of the rest.

“Is your slutty body about ready for this?”

“Y-yes... I want it...”

That strict nun nodded with a seductive smile.

“Then I’ll put it in for you.”

He lowered the magic dildo, thought better of it, and raised it again.

“Bur first, you need to get this wet too. Here, suck it.”

When he held the fake penis to her mouth, the lewd nun obediently parted her lips and took it into her drool-filled mouth.

“Amh...”

Her red lips swallowed the black dildo and her tongue wrapped around it inside her mouth.

She had likely sucked it countless times when using it on her own. She readily and happily took it into her mouth and coated it with saliva.

More than just using her tongue, she moved her head forward and back while letting it push out first one cheek then the other from within.

(I-it's like she's really giving a blowjob.)

No matter how impressively she sucked the fake penis, it would bring him no pleasure. Yet as he watched her obscene oral technique, he thought he felt a tingling as if she were sucking his manhood. He then pulled back the fake penis.

"G-good job. Th-that's enough. ...You'll be swallowing it with your lower mouth this time, so lift your skirt."

"Pant, pant...yes. Thank you very much..."

The kneeling nun lifted her skirt with a melted look on her face.

Her thighs were covered by black stockings, a garter belt, and black panties. They were all embroidered and of high quality.

"Hurry up and pull down those black panties!"

"Oka~y ♪ Eh heh heh heh..."

The slutty nun held the bottom of her black dress in her mouth and used both

hands to lower the black panties. A sticky thread followed the panties down and they had to stop halfway down her thighs due to her pose.

Her pubic hair was the same pale blonde as her head, but it was quite thick.

(She has such an intellectual face, but she's so bushy downstairs... It's so raw ♪)

Hilcruz gulped in front of the mons pubis covered in that hair and he gave further instructions.

"I can't get it in like that! Lie on your back and turn your p-pussy this way!"

The nun nodded with the bottom of the black dress in her mouth and she lay back from her kneeling position.

It was a difficult action with a woman's body, but she somehow managed it. The part of her body she would most want to hide was fully exposed to Hilcruz.

The boy could not help but lean forward to observe it.

"Velvet! Your pussy is so wet. It's absolutely soaked. And all you did was mess with your tits. You really do have a slutty body! That's so dirty!"

"Ahh, please forgive me. Please don't humiliate me like that..."

Despite her words, Velvet's entire body seemed to be insisting he humiliate her

further.

(If her body is this hot, her pussy has to be even hotter.)

Unable to restrain his arousal and curiosity, Hilcruz parted the soaked hair and placed his left hand's index and middle fingers on either side of the half-opened flesh slit.

Then he spread it.

“Ahhhh!?”

The woman's cry of embarrassment was accompanied by a mist of sweet and sour femininity reaching the boy's nose.

The cathedral's strictest nun's pussy lips were like a ripe pomegranate. They were an incredible dark red and covered with plenty of white juice. After Hilcruz spread the flower petals, the fluid dripped down and soaked her anus too.

“Wow, I've never seen a pussy covered in so much white and frothy love juices...”

Velvet bit the bottom of her skirt to endure the boy's honest opinion.

Her masochistic beauty inspired even more sadistic desires in Hilcruz, so he continued the verbal assault.

“When it’s this wet, I can’t tell where the vagina is. Sorry if I get it wrong.”

“Nnn...”

Velvet’s face was tomato-red and she embarrassedly shook her head back and forth.

However, Hilcruz actually could see her vagina opening wide. He could also see her giant clitoris that was poking out of its hood even though neither of them had touched it yet. The urethra, though, he could not see.

(Velvet’s gotten really cute. Sigyn and the others would be in for a shock if they learned their teacher was this horny a woman.)

He mentally licked his lips and held up the vibrating fake penis. He brought it to her soaked pussy lips.

“Ahhhhhhh!”

The tip of the fake penis touched her exposed clitoris. As it poked at her giant weak point, she let go of the skirt in her mouth and screamed.

It then parted the lips and pressed against her vaginal entrance.

The mechanical magic tool’s vibration stirred up her entrance and the spray of love juices reached Hilcruz’s face.

“Eh heh heh. I think it’s time I saw this giant thing fit inside your pussy. Are you sure it won’t tear you apart?”

The boy had fully awoken to his sadistic side as he pushed in the fake penis that was two sizes bigger than his own penis.

“Ahhh!”

The tip was a size bigger than the already thick rod, but it slipped right in. From there, he shoved the rest in.

“Ahh, ahhhh, ahgahhhhhhhhhh!!!”

The nun in black arched her back, widened her eyes behind her glasses, and sprayed bubbly drool from her mouth.

She seemed to have cum just from having the fake penis penetrate her. Her mature body seemed to be convulsing.

Hilcruz held her body down and forced the fake penis in as far as it would go.

It really must have been too big because her flesh pot squeezed tightly against it and it was not easy to get in.

“Hee hee ahhhhhhh!!”

He had planned to stop if Velvet said it hurt, but she only widened her eyes and

cried out. She never actually told him to stop.

A shower of love juices reached his face, but even that sensation aroused him as he lost himself in pushing the dildo on in.

(It just keeps going in. I didn't know something so big could fit in a pussy.)

It felt like pushing into a bottomless bog, but once only a third of the giant object remained exposed, he found the limit. The tip seemed to have reached her cervix. No matter how hard he tried, no more of it would go in.

“A-amazing...”

He let go, but the magic tool continued to torment the woman, just as it was designed to.

“Hyah! Hee! Ahn! Hyahn...”

Velvet's hips rose and fell like an inchworm.

And that was not all. She groped her own giant breasts and kneaded her clitoris between her fingers.

(She wasn't kidding about being slutty...)

She had seemed like the perfect example of a diligent and strict nun, but now she was exposing her breasts and vulva. She was shamefully spreading her legs,

twitching, and masturbating with a dildo inside her. She still wore the hood that revealed her position as a nun and that made it all the more obscene.

(I-I can't stand it anymore...)

Hilcruz pulled his madly erect penis from his pants and began stroking it.

He intended to ejaculate and cover the shameful woman with his cum.

“Oh, prince, don't do that. It would be such a waste!”

Velvet took issue with the boy pleasuring himself to her sexual show, so she quickly got up.

The vibrating rod remained inside her, so her hips seemed weak. She crawled over to Hilcruz and stole the penis from his hand.

“W-wait, Velvet.”

She responded to his confusion with a sulky look.

“I want the real thing too...”

She placed both hands around the penis that curved back almost to his stomach and she stared fondly at it.

“Ohh, such a warm cock. It's so lovely and manly...”

As she carefully observed the penis with a dreamy look in her eyes, she opened her mouth wide and gave it a lick as if it were a sweet piece of candy.

“Ahhh.”

Hilcruz realized something from just that one lick.

This was not his first blowjob. Sigyn, Gracen, and the other young nun trainees had been eager to suck his dick.

But this was fundamentally different from the oral sex he had received from those girls.

It was just like learning the skill of an opponent after a single swordfight. And this woman managed to show him with the one lick that she was not just a little girl.

Her saliva-covered tongue used the rougher edge to thoroughly lick along the bottom of the head. She also traced her tongue along the tip and stuck her tongue tip into the urethra. Meanwhile, her hands gently stroked the shaft and fondled the balls.

“Eh heh... Eh heh heh heh...”

Velvet laughed because she truly did enjoy licking and sucking his manhood.

“Wow...”

Faced with the oral technique of a woman with a thorough understanding of a man's erogenous zones, Hilcruz was ashamed of how quickly he was brought to the edge of cumming.

“!”

But he did not cum. Just before he did, Velvet shifted her timing.

She looked up at him with a smile in the eyes behind her glasses. That bewitching smile told Hilcruz something: this woman knew how to pleasure a man without making him cum.

“Eh heh heh. How about this?”

With a sweet smile, Velvet lifted her own giant breasts in her hands and placed them around his flesh rod.

“Ahh!”

They were warm and soft. And yet they were also springy. It was an overwhelmingly fleshy sensation.

(Her tits are surrounding my dick!)

Hilcruz was unfamiliar with the concept of a titjob.

The young nuns and holy warrior he always fooled around with were girls whose first time had been with him. They were brimming with curiosity about sex, but their technique was still undeveloped.

(The surface is so soft and cool, but they keep getting warmer. And they're so smooth.)

As he grew intoxicated on the sensation of soft feminine flesh, Velvet gave him an upturned glance and let clear saliva drip down from her mouth onto the head of his penis. Then she used that as the lubricant for a penis massage.

(Wow. I-it's melting... My dick is melting...)

In addition to the soft sensation reaching his flesh rod, the visual of the white breasts enveloping his penis aroused Hilcruz.

After being brought to the brink earlier, he reached that point again before long.

"Ahhhhh... Velvet...I'm about to cum..."

The veteran nun answered the boy's desperate groan with a bewitching smile and wrapped her lips around the head of his penis as it poked out from between her breasts.

She was wordlessly telling him to cum inside her mouth.

"Ahh... Velvet, I'm cumming..."

He had never before experienced technique this superb and it brought him straight to heaven.

He released the lust that had been building up as he watched Velvet's sexual show.

The fluid was thick and plentiful. The thick cum erupted pleasantly out, but it was unlike the feeling he was used to enjoying.

With an obscene smile on her face, Velvet sucked at the tip of the throbbing flesh rod.

"You're kidding! Ahhhhhhhhhh..."

Caught off guard, Hilcruz gave an anguished cry.

"Heeeeeeee!"

He had never experienced an ejaculation like this. It felt like his urethra was a straw and she was sucking the semen directly from his testicles.

(Uuh, Velvet... If you do that...)

More than just a single ejaculation's worth was sucked out. It felt like every last drop was drained from his balls. He almost felt like his soul was being sucked out.



“Nn, nn, nn...”

Velvet breathed from her nose as she slurped up the extract of a young boy and gulped it down like a tasty treat. She forced every last drop from his urethra.

“Ahh...”

Once the unprecedentedly intense ejaculation ended, Hilcruz breathed an

intoxicated sigh.

(I've never felt anything so amazing...)

The boy was very satisfied, but the horny woman was not going to let him stop here.

As his penis shrank, she placed the entire thing in her mouth and worked at it inside there.

“W-wait... Velvet, ahhhh...”

He honestly did not want her to touch his penis so soon after cumming, but as the woman forcibly sucked at it, the seductive mood returned.

She did not even allow his penis to shrink.

When she let it leave her mouth, it was just as hard and erect as before he came. After one final lick of the tip, she looked up at him.

“Delicious...”

Her sensual smile sent a chill down his spine.

Wasn't this what they called a true “slut”?

The nun's cheeks reddened and she breathed an intoxicated sigh as she stared

longingly at the penis in front of her.

“Oh, prince, will you please give me your love?”

Hilcruz felt the last remaining thread of rationality snap in his mind.

He reached toward the woman kneeling in front of him, pulled her up onto the bed, and laid her on her back.

He then spread her legs wide and pulled out the thick vibrator penetrating her.

“Ahhhhh!”

A scream left Velvet’s lips and a great quantity of love juices left her honeypot.

She was so wet she seemed to have pissed herself. She had to have reached climax several times herself while sucking his manhood.

He tossed aside the fake penis that continued to vibrate so obscenely and he instead prepared his raging erection. Then he shoved it inside.

The inside of her honeypot felt like hot magma. The countless folds wrapped around his manhood as if to suck at it.

“Ahhhh, yes! Amazing! Yes!”

Velvet’s powerful legs wrapped around Hilcruz’s waist.

Her honeypot could take in that ridiculously large dildo, so it was far looser than that of the young girls like Sigyn or Gracen.

But it also told him that tightness was not everything.

(It isn't tight. It isn't, but it's wrapping around my dick so incredibly softly...)

He desperately forced down the urge to cum again and teased the shameful woman.

"You say it's amazing, but my dick has got to be a letdown after that giant vibrator you love so much."

"Ahhhn, don't be so mean. I-it isn't an issue of size. Yours is so hot, it's throbbing, and it's so much more powerful! Ahh, harder, harder!"

Velvet wrapped her arms around his back and thrust her own hips up at him.

On the receiving end of that intense movement, Hilcruz felt like he had fallen into an inescapable antlion pit.

"Harder, harder! Turn me into a whore! Turn me into nothing more than a dirty whore!"

"Okay! Here goes!"

Even while at the mercy of the starving woman's wild hips, the young boy moved his own hips as if dancing.

On the way in, nectar flowed out. On the way out, more nectar flowed out.

"Ahh, yes. I can feel it in my womb. More! More! More!"



That intellectual beauty was spilling drool as she used her hips with incredible force to get the boy to use his own hips.

The boy was at the peak of his sexual desire, but he was overwhelmed by the starving mature woman's wild hips.

Hilcruz was too proud to admit it, but he could tell she was in complete control here.

But he wanted to conquer Velvet. He wanted to conquer her with his penis rather than the dildo.

"Khhhh!!!"

He obeyed his lust just as much as the woman did hers as he pounded his penis inside her, but his manhood let out a cry even though he had already cum once.

"V-Velvet, I can't last much longer if you're that rough!"

"No. It has to be rough. Stir me up even more~~~ ♪"

As she thrust her hips up at him like some kind of demon, his manhood danced within her hot honeypot.

(It isn't that tight. Looking just at how tight their pussy is, Sigyn and Gracen have the upper hand. But I think Velvet's might feel even better. It's so hot and sticky. It's like sticking my dick in melted cheese.)

Her love juices were hot, plentiful, and quite sticky. They had soaked her anus and even left a wet mark on the sheets.

His penis and even balls were absolutely soaked.

Her flooded honeypot covered every inch of his manhood and seemed to be digesting it. The intense situation was so pleasurable it brought tears to his eyes.

“I’m sorry. I can’t last any longerrrrrr!!!”

With one last warning, a hot liquid erupted from his penis.

“Ahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh!!!”

His man juices filled the depths of her vagina. Velvet raised a joyful cry and arched her back at this long-forgotten womanly pleasure.

Hilcruz pumped all of his cum into the starving widow nun.

And after releasing the very last drop, he sank into her ample breasts.

“Pant, pant, pant... Velvet, that was amazing. I’ve never felt anything like it.”

“Eh heh heh. I’m glad you enjoyed it.”

The nun known for being strict gave a bewitching smile and then sat up with sexual sweat coating her body.

“Now, then. Prince, you are young, so surely you aren’t done yet.”

Velvet made sure not to break their sexual union as she sat up, placed Hilcruz on his back, and straddled his hips. She even spread her legs and placed her feet on either side of him in a crouching pose. This was more than just the cowgirl position. She intended to milk him dry with her hips.

Their union was fully exposed to him. A mixture of their juices flowed from her honeypot and warmly soaked his shaft, balls, and anus.

That was when Hilcruz felt a chill, as if he had been captured by a female spider.

“U-um...Velvet?”

He was arrogant, he was ambitious, and the Ishtar Kingdom was hunting him down as too dangerous to let escape. The current rulers of Ishtar would never have believed their eyes if they had seen this: there was fear on Hilcruz’s face.

With a bewitching smile on her face, the veteran nun grabbed the young prince’s hands and placed them on her giant breasts.

“Giving a cat a fish-flavored treat is like giving a widow a young man. Do you know why?”

“N-no...”

Velvet smiled as Hilcruz fearfully shook his head.

“They cannot help but suck it dry.”

The woman immediately began moving her hips like a demon.

“Eek!”

Hilcruz shrieked. He realized from the bottom of his heart that he had chosen the wrong woman to have sex with.

Chapter 5: Precept of Lewdness

“What do you think you’re doing!!?”

Thanks to the nuns’ devoted care, Hilcruz’s wounds had fully healed.

But just as Knight Woman Ursula had said, Ishtar soldiers were posted around the Milka Cathedral as a warning.

Hilcruz could not escape with the enemy lying in wait, so he was waiting to see what would happen.

As a result, a healthy boy was hiding alone in a closed space full of girls.

And that boy was known as a “tragic prince”.

Hilcruz did not see the value of that title, but it was apparently as attractive as a drug to the young girls who had never even fallen in love before.

It had all started when the nun trainees had caught him fucking Sigyn and Gracen. Afterwards, they had all started begging for his dick and his physical relationships with the nuns had spread like crazy.

The nun trainees were all quite young and they were healthy growing girls being forced to live a highly regulated lifestyle. On top of that, they had no experience with boys and were starving for one. Hilcruz himself had had no interest in girls before ending up in this cathedral, but he had nothing else to do.

Whenever the nuns found a spare moment in their work, they would visit him and he would devour them. Oftentimes more than one nun ended up visiting at the same time, but that just meant he had to enjoy them both at once.

The boy had awoken to the joys of investigating the secrets of the female body and he found himself drowning in pussy from morning to night.

At the moment, he had gone to the cathedral's main bath. He was soon joined by Sigyn, Gracen, and the other girls whose virginity his manhood had taken. They lined up in front of him, got down on all four, and stuck their butts out toward him.

As the steam filled the air and the floating magical lights illuminated the room, he saw white ass, ass, ass, and more ass.

He was unsure whether he should call the sight fantastical or breathtaking, but it was more than enough to stir up his animal lust.

Horny Hilcruz caressed the girls' bodies to his heart's content and then inserted his dick in their wet honeypots to enjoy the subtle differences. Just as was planning to guide them all to climax, a sharp yell reached his ears.

"...!!!"

He looked up in surprise and saw a woman in black standing in the bath's entrance.

She held her left arm across her stomach, which lifted up her ample breasts, she placed her right elbow on the back of her left hand, and she pushed her silver-rimmed glasses up in the usual pose.

Her expression was hidden behind the white glimmer of the lenses, which only sent out more pressure.

“SSister Velvet!”

The entrance of the cathedral’s most frightening nun scared the cute and horny girls. Sigyn had been spanked after offering her chastity up to Hilcruz, so she grew extra pale.

And Hilcruz did feel some guilt over enjoying a line of more than ten nuns at once.

The nun in black looked cruelly down at the lambs trembling at the prospect of punishment. The corners of the woman’s red lips slowly rose.

“Are you always doing this sort of thing?”

“Well, um...”

They had been caught red-handed and there was no explaining their way out of it. Velvet stared down at the nuns and smugly pushed up her silver-rimmed glasses.

“There’s this many of you and you’re still taking the submissive role? I can’t

believe you. Girls like you are known as dead fish.”

“D-dead fish?”

The pure girls raised in the cathedral had no idea what she meant. Meanwhile, Hilcruz’s cheeks tensed as he recalled his intense experience with Velvet.

The adult woman smiled at the one young boy and many young girls.

“Yes, a man will quickly tire of a wholly submissive girl. You need to pleasure him more proactively and wildly. More like a whore ♪”

The combination of intelligence and sexuality coming from the woman sent a chill down Hilcruz’s spine.

He had only had sex with the young woman once. She was a leading member of the cathedral, so he had not been able to enjoy as unreserved a relationship with her.

(But that one night...I came ten times. I had no idea what was going on after a while...)

He could never forget that intense pleasure. It had been carved into his body.

Sex with the young girls like Sigyn and Gracen was fundamentally different from sex with that sexy adult woman.

With the girls, it was like a game. Even with all the girls, he could enjoy taking the lead.

But Velvet was different. She took control. And she had sucked him down to the marrow and milked out every last drop.

As the boy and girls looked up worriedly, Velvet slowly stripped off her black habit.

“...!?”

As her nun’s habit was removed, a provocative black bra, panties, garter belt, and stockings were revealed.

That sexy lingerie was made to please a man’s eyes and not what one would expect from a celibate nun, but that was why she stole his focus from the young nuns.

And that was not all. The body hidden below the overly sexual underwear was far curvier than the young girls. Her curves had incredible intensity.

“If you are going to pleasure him in the bath, you need to use your entire body.”

Fully aware of the young girls’ envious looks, Velvet intentionally placed her left ring finger on her sensual red lips and gave it a lick.

Hilcruz jumped as if it was his cock she had licked.

“And. I can tach you how to please a man – if – you – like ♪ ”

Her tingling sexual aura was so great that even the nuns gulped.

Hilcruz gulped too, but his penis also hopped up.

“P-please teach us!!!”

The woman already acted as the nuns’ teacher, so their instincts may have told them she was their overwhelming superior in sex as well. The young girls ran over and bowed down before her.

“Eh!?”

Left all alone, Hilcruz’s instincts told him something incredible was about to happen, so his cheeks stiffened in happiness and confusion.

“Eh heh heh heh heh heh. With pleasure ♪ ”

With a coquettish smile, the manager removed her black bra as the nuns watched.

The breasts that spilled out were larger and softer than any of the young girls’. They somewhat lost the battle to gravity, so the largish nipples sagged a bit.

But that slight sag was incredibly raw and obscene.

Then she removed her black panties, revealing thick hair.

She was an adult woman with an intellectual and cool aura, but all of her womanly parts were quite erotic. The girls stared with envy in their eyes.

“Eh heh heh. Tonight, let us set aside rank and forget we have dedicated ourselves to our god.”

Velvet finally removed her hood. That symbolized a change from a nun to a normal woman.

Her blonde hair was worn up. With the girls’ passionate eyes on her, she gently lifted her tits and breathed a sultry sigh.

She was always so strict and she had seemed married to her job, but now the sexuality seemed to pour from her body.

“Y-yes...”

The young nuns were overwhelmed.

Velvet entered the bath while nude except for her silver-rimmed glasses. With each step, her erotic breasts jiggled. After soaking her legs in the bath full of girls, she beckoned Hilcruz over.

“Over here, prince.”

Struck by her sexuality, Hilcruz walked over like he was a puppet controlled by unseen strings.

“Eh heh heh. Your cock is as lovely as ever.”

Velvet smiled when she glanced down at the penis curving back almost to his navel and dripping with precum. She then wrapped the nervous boy in her arms like they were white serpents.

“U-um...Velvet? Please be gentle...”

He savored the joy of having his face buried in those soft breasts, but his voice was trembling.

He had recently gained some confidence in dealing with women, but Velvet was different.

When his body recalled that intense sex where he was forced to cum again and again, he trembled with a mixture of fear and anticipation.

“What are you talking about? If we’re going to have sex, we need to enjoy it to its fullest. ...Let’s have fun until our hips give out ♪”

The seductive lady turned the nervous boy around and embraced him from behind.

He tensed up as her ample breasts pressed against his back and then Velvet lay

down on her back.

Hilcruz now lay on top of a woman's body in the warm bath.

The bathwater was not all that deep, so his head stuck above the surface and he could breathe. Velvet was leaning her upper body against the edge of the bath, so she had no trouble either.

Long, slender fingers gently stroked his chest and casually pinched his nipples.

“Ah...”

He was left at the mercy of the pleasure drawn out by the adult woman and her lithely dancing fingers moved down his body, stroked across his inner thighs, and grabbed his knees. Then they pulled back.

Hilcruz's legs were pulled out and back like a squished frog.

His penis joined his face in sticking up from the bathwater.

The surrounding girls' eyes stabbed into the defenseless boy's sexual form.

(Th-this is so embarrassing...)

Even if he had slept with these girls several times before, he had always been in control then. He thought his face would burst into flames as they saw this weaker side of him.

“Eh heh heh heh. Come, girls. Mount the prince and show him true hospitality. We must make his stay in this cathedral an experience he will never forget ♪”

The girls quickly obeyed Velvet’s instructions by straddling Hilcruz’s body. They straddled his arms, legs, torso, and face. They used their own fingers to spread their pussy lips and pressed the contents against him.

Sigyn and Gracen topped it off by straddling the base of Hilcruz’s thighs, spreading their own pussy lips, and pressing against his cock from either side.

Then they all began moving their hips.

“Ahh, ahhhh, ahhhh!!”

Girls straddled Hilcruz’s face, limbs, body, and dick and they all rubbed their wet pussy lips against him.

“Ahhhh...”

The girls were essentially pressing their sensitive flesh against his body to masturbate.

Their juices had already started flowing as they waited for Hilcruz to stick his manhood inside each of them in turn.

They produced plenty of love juices, so they quickly smeared his entire body with their shameful nectar. He almost felt like all of the bathwater had become

the girls' love juices.

"A-ahn, ah, hee... Yes, amazing..."

The girls' voices echoed through the bath. They were likely aroused by this perverted group masturbation session. They seemed to be enjoying themselves even more than usual as each one's pleasure amplified all the others' pleasure.

(Ahh, I feel like my entire body is wrapped in their wet flesh... It's like I'm inside a giant pussy...)

His naked body was entirely surrounded by the girls' bodies. He was soaking in feminine flesh more than the bath.

He had two pussies on his dick, one on his face, and several more across his torso and limbs. Not to mention Velvet's ample flesh below his back.

In that world of utter perversion, his entire body twitched like it was a giant penis.

But now that they were all enjoying themselves, he did not want to finish too easily. He desperately restrained himself for the girls' sake, but it did not last long.

"I can't do it... I'm going to cum. I'm gonna cum. Please let me cum!"

With his face and entire body coated in love juices, he sobbed from the extreme pleasure.

“Oh, prince. You sound so cute when you cry... Very well. You can have one major eruption now, but then we all need to enjoy this together ♪”

Velvet’s sweet whisper acted as a trigger.

“Heeeeeyaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh!!!”

The boy soaking in a bath of female bodies raised a pitiful cry.

His penis throbbed between Gracen and Sigyn’s sexual flesh. Then a milky liquid erupted from the tip.

He had held back this ejaculation longer than he had thought possible, so the semen sprayed across the front of Gracen and Sigyn’s bodies while also souring high like a white rising dragon.

The girls watched in utter fascination.

And when they saw where it landed, they all grew tense.

“...!”

Someone utterly unexpected stood in the entrance to the bath and the man milk had splattered across her face and her scarlet clothes.

“...Ah.”

The girls who had been so harmoniously enjoying their orgy fell into awkward silence.

And Hilcruz felt like he had ejaculated his soul out with all the cum, so he went limp and could not say a word.

(No way... Wh-what is Priestess Euphoria doing here?)

All those shocked eyes were focused on the leader of the cathedral.

“ ... ”

She stoically wiped off her face with a hand.

After cleaning off her clothes, she looked back to the group.

“I heard some excited voices and thought I would see what was going on, but what do you think you are doing!?”

Euphoria did not put on a frightening expression, but her calm demeanor still conveyed her unrestrained anger. It was like seeing ice burn.

(Sh-she really scares me... In a way, she's scarier than Velvet...)

Anger from someone so expressionless was oddly frightening.

Hilcruz, Sigyn, Gracen, and even Velvet went pale.

“Even you, Sister Velvet?”

“I am very sorry.”

Velvet could only bow low.

“Prince Hilcruz is a man of the world, so he cannot be blamed for desiring women. But the rest of you are nuns of the glorious Vermilion Bird Temple. Have some shame.”

The usually calm and composed woman scolded them in a somewhat hysteric tone of voice and then brushed back her long red hair in irritation.

But then she turned around and left the bath without another word.

“U-um...sorry.”

Hilcruz asked to meet with Euphoria the following morning and he bowed his head once he set foot in her office.

“ ... ”

The majestically beautiful red-haired woman seemed to be doing some sort of

work at her ebony desk. She glanced his way and then got back to work.

“I understand why you are angry and I accept that I was wholly at fault, so could you maybe forgive the nuns?”

“...”

Euphoria did not respond. Unable to bear the heavy silence, Hilcruz made up his mind and said everything that came to mind.

“The nuns here treated me really well, but there was nothing I could do to repay them. If they wanted to have sex with me because they saw me as a tragic prince, I thought I could at least give them that.”

Finally, Euphoria placed a hand on her forehead and breathed a heavy sigh.

“You have destroyed this cathedral’s morals. Perhaps I should not have saved you.”

This was the first complaint Hilcruz had heard from that noble lady. She was likely having trouble deciding how to deal with the orgy the night before.

Sensing that, Hilcruz gathered his resolve.

“I am thankful for what this cathedral...no, what you have done for me, Priestess Euphoria. You saved my life and I am forever in your debt. If you tell me to leave, I will do so without delay. I will never forget what you did for me. If there is anything I can do to help, please tell me.”

“ ... ”

Euphoria kept her head lowered and did not look Hilcruz's way, but he still bowed his head low.

“Thank you for everything.”

After he turned around, walked to the exit, and grabbed the doorknob, a sharp voice reached him.

“Wait!”

He looked back in surprise and found eyes as clear and hard as glass staring at him.

Euphoria placed her hands on the desk, slowly stood up, and walked to Hilcruz.

She removed his hand from the knob and then embraced him in her arms.

“I said too much. If you leave the cathedral now, the Ishtar troops lying in wait will capture you.

Remain here a while longer.”

His face was buried in her soft and warm chest. When he looked up, he saw her eyebrows trembling in regret.

Hilcruz felt like that expression told him something. No matter how divine and detached her personality seemed, she was still a woman in her early twenties.

This confrontation with an entire kingdom had placed her under a lot of stress.

Even if the Temple was influential, this was an age of war and a countless number of cathedrals had been taken over by military might.

She seemed levelheaded and without weakness, but she had let him see a hidden weakness here. Sensing that, Hilcruz felt close to her for the first time.

The brazen boy casually touched her ample breasts through her red dress.

“You’re so kind, Priestess Euphoria. The teachings of the Vermilion Bird Temple are too complicated for me, but if everyone working at the Milka Cathedral believes in your god, it must be a worthwhile thing to believe in. I love everyone who works here. And I love you too, Priestess Euphoria.”

The holy woman ignored the boy’s hand on her chest as if it did not particularly bother her, so he got carried away and started groping her with more strength.

“Wh-what are you doing!?”

The solemn and dignified woman grew flustered for once and tried to push his hands away, but Hilcruz stubbornly continued fondling her through the thin fabric.

“S-stop this!”

Her voice had grown somewhat shrill.

(She's panicking because it feels good. Even Priestess Euphoria enjoys having her tits groped. Okay, I need to show her even more pleasure.)

Delighted, Hilcruz thoroughly toyed with the breasts in his hands.

"Ahh, stop...that..."

The young holy woman had never built up a resistance to pleasure.

As he fondled her ample breasts, her body grew weak and her resistance gradually faded.

Once she was only going through the motions of resistance, he whispered in her ear while continuing to grope her tits.

"You know what? I've learned a few things in the month I've spent here."

"A-and what...is that?"

He gave an indulgent smile when she politely responded while growing so limp.

"That there are people like you who will show me love for nothing in return. And one other thing..."

He briefly hesitated after placing his fingers on the top her red dress's chest.

(I'm definitely crossing a line here. But Priestess Euphoria is kind, so she'll forgive me.)

He made up his mind and continued.

"Becoming a nun or whatever doesn't change your body."

With those words, he pulled his hand down.

This revealed two breasts contained within a wine red bra. Perhaps as a reaction to the austere lifestyle forced on religious officials, Euphoria was fond of the arts, so the elegant underwear suited her quite well.

"Ah!?"

As she gasped in surprise, Hilcruz pulled down the bra as well.

The breasts that spilled out were larger than those of a child like Sigyn or of muscular and slender Gracen. They were smaller than Velvet's which seemed fully mature. In her early twenties, Euphoria's were developed but not too mature. Her body was ripe and ready to eat.

(Wow, these are the same tits I saw in the river when we first met.)

The breasts reminded him of large melons. They were well-formed, white, and alluring. They almost seemed to glitter in the light and he wanted to say they had

an artistic beauty.

(I've seen a lot of different tits, but I think hers are shaped the best.)

Impressed, Hilcruz grabbed them and found they had a smooth and youthful texture.

They were not as large as Velvet's gigantic tits, but they had both size and perkiness. They reminded him of water balloons.

The nipples looked like camellia petals blooming on her white skin and they were already erect.

When he pinched them between his middle and ring fingers, the dazed holy woman came to her senses and tried to remove the outrageous boy.

"Wh-what are you doing? Stop this!"

But he was faster. He sucked on the nipple poking stiffly out from the soft left mound.

"Ah, stop, don't suck on it...ahhh..."

Hilcruz's life of wild sex in the cathedral had taught him the secrets of the female body. He knew a woman's nipples were most sensitive after they grew erect.

He persistently rolled the nipple around with his tongue and sucked even harder.

“Ahh, n-no...ahhh...”

Euphoria wrapped her arms around his head to bear with it, but her legs gave out and she collapsed to the floor.

But the boy's newfound experience with women allowed him to keep up the attack. He lowered his right hand and slipped it inside the skirt of her dress-like habit.

“Ah!”

She quickly tried to close her knees, but it was too late.

He rubbed up her plump and soft inner thighs and reached his destination.

Her panties must have been made of the same material as her bra. The smooth silky material felt good on his hand.

He softly pressed against the fabric with his index, middle, and ring fingers. His experience told him three fingers was enough to cover most vulvas.

And he began a massage.

“No, stop! Ahh...”

She seemed to feel guilty about the pleasure and desperately tried not to feel anything, but the more she tried to hide it, the more sex appeal she gave off.

Hilcruz's male instincts created a desire to pleasure her no matter what.

He groped one breast with his left hand, sucked at the other nipple with his lips, and roughly rubbed against her crotch with three fingers of his right hand.

He could feel moisture through the thin material. This perfectly plastered the thin panties to her pussy and the shape of the contents showed through.

Hilcruz shut his eyes and felt along that feminine shape until he touched a small bump.

"Hh."

With a quiet groan, a tremor ran through her slender body.

He looked up at her with her nipple still in his mouth and saw her white face had grown tinged with pink.

Her long eyelashes were shaking anxiously.

(Oh, so even Priestess Euphoria has a sensitive clit.)

Having found the holy woman's weakness, Hilcruz struck a triumphant pose in

his heart and focused on tormenting that small bump.

“Ah...ah, ahh...”

For that sexually innocent young woman, toying with her clitoris through the thin panties must have been the perfect level of stimulation. She was clearly feeling great pleasure.

“Y-you mustn’t...you mustn’t...ahhn...”

Her words were belied by her gradually fading resistance and she finally collapsed onto her back.

She had been pressing her thighs tightly together, but now they limply fell open.

The crotch of her wine red panties had a dark red elliptical stain and it was growing.

As he warmed up the center of the stain with three fingers and teased her breast with his left hand, Euphoria’s eyes grew blank.

“Ahh, ahh...no...what...? I feel...funny? What...what is...this!? Ah...”

The woman had always seemed to see right through everything, but now she looked utterly confused as to what was happening to her body.

No matter how noble a soul she had, her body was still that of a woman.

A sexual sweat poured down her white skin.

But restrained Euphoria was apparently holding back her moans. And that only made Hilcruz want to make her moan even louder.

(She doesn't smile much and her perfect beauty makes her hard to approach. She has the presence of a frozen lake, but I really want to melt that ice.)

Her heart was still struggling, but her body could not fight him any longer, so Hilcruz removed his mouth from her nipple.

He used his right hand to toy with the clitoris forming a visible bump in her wet panties and used his left hand to pinch her nipple which was wet with saliva.

"You're really sensitive, Priestess Euphoria. Do you pleasure yourself like this or have some of the nuns pleasure you?"

"Ahh...ahh...I-I do...ahh...nothing of the sort..."

After walking the pure path of being born royal and becoming a holy woman, she had never indulged in the pleasures of masturbation or lesbianism.

Homosexuality was common in these cathedrals. A lot of the young nuns had looked up to Euphoria, but apparently none of them had taken the initiative to wait for her in her bedroom.

She was a holy woman and it was rumored she had no lust whatsoever.

But was that really possible for a woman in her early twenties?

According to Velvet, women could get by well enough when they were ignorant of the pleasures of sex, but they could never forget it once they came to know those pleasures.

“Hey, Priestess Euphoria, there are nothing but girls here, so I don’t think you can blame the nuns for being a little interested in a guy. So please be more understanding. I mean, it’s not like you’re an exception.”

“Ahh...this is only because you forcibly...khh...”

The holy woman stubbornly refused to admit it, so Hilcruz played his trump card.

“No, that would be a lie. After all, I remember what happened in that carriage!”

“!!!”

Euphoria’s eyes widened in surprise.

That was all the proof that Hilcruz needed to know the events in the carriage had not been a dream.

“Th-that was...”

She made a flustered attempt to make an excuse, but Hilcruz held out a hand to stop her.

“It’s fine. I’m not going to say anything about that when you saved my life. But you’re a beautiful, kind, and lovely woman. I can’t let someone like that wither away in service to her god without experiencing true pleasure.”

“But I am a priestess of the Vermilion Bird Temple...”

“What kind of narrow-minded god would let a woman rot away like that? Any god that punishes people for this isn’t worth worshiping. I’ll teach you true pleasure.”

He was arrogant from beginning to end, but Hilcruz felt like it was his duty to do this.

“...!”

Since the woman stubbornly refused to admit to her lust, he reached for her red panties and pulled them down.

Perhaps because he knew she had sexually teased him in the carriage, she did not put up any kind of resistance. Her thighs were plump, her ankles were thin, and her legs were long and white. He did not hesitate to grab the backs of her knees and spread those legs.

“Ahhh!”

Even Euphoria could not help but cry out in embarrassment.

This was the office of the Milka Cathedral’s Priestess. The morning sun shined in and brightly revealed her hidden parts.

It had been obvious through the panties, but the inside really was soaked.

A glittering wetness covered the burning red of the hair.

He brushed his hand over the thick and springy hairs and parted them.

He placed both thumbs and index fingers on the flesh gate and spread it in four directions.

“!”

Euphoria had gone entirely limp, but now her body jumped.

(So this is Priestess Euphoria’s pussy. It’s so pretty... It’s like a red rose wet with the morning dew.)

Hilcruz gasped, moved his face in close, and breathed in through his nose.

(Ahh, this is what her pussy smells like...)

The sweet and sour scent was quite intense.

He had taken the virginities of around a hundred nuns. Before they had any experience with men, they had apparently not washed their labia too carefully. They had apparently been hesitant to touch that part on their own.

But after they were deflowered, the apparently realized how important that area was and were careful to clean it thoroughly.

The sexual scent rising from Euphoria's lips contained the sweet and sour of love juices, but also a hint of urine and smegma.

In Hilcruz's experience, this was the stereotypical scent of a virgin pussy.

Hilcruz claimed to be repaying her, but when it came down to it, this was the sex organ of a woman he loved. A bit of a smell was not about to bother him.

Like a bee sucking up nectar, he kissed the woman's wet flower petals. And he licked them.

"Ah...nn..."

Euphoria cried out quietly.

(Priestess Euphoria's love juices have such a mild flavor. It's like I can sense her character in it. Yeah, it's so easy to lap up. I could keep licking her pussy all day.)

The sourness, saltiness, and bitterness were all quite subdued. Her love juices

went down smoothly.

Then he thoroughly ran the tip of his tongue along the inside of that noble woman's sexual flesh.

“Ah, ahn, ahhn ♪”



Not even that holy woman could suppress her voice and she moaned loudly even though someone might hear.

This put Hilcruz in a better mood, so after searching out her vagina and urethra, he pulled his mouth back and used a finger to poke at the clitoris inside its hood.

“Hey, hey, Priestess Euphoria. Have you *really* never touched yourself here?”

“Ahh...ahh, ahhhh... N-no, I haven’t...”

“I guess this really is the first time then. You’re a proud holy woman through and through.”

Euphoria was having trouble breathing and Hilcruz was impressed.

(That means I can be the very first person to reveal her clit. ...Let’s do that.)

The boy wanted to see all of Euphoria and to make all of the young woman his, so he pinched her clitoris between his thumb and forefinger.

“No, no, nooooo!”

He had her weak point in his grasp, so the holy woman clenched her fists like a baby and shook her head in protest.

But it was too late.

Even the purest holy woman was helpless when fingers wet with her own love

juices squeezed her clitoris.

Hilcruz rolled his fingers around to toy with the clitoris contained in its hood.

“Ah...ah....ah...ah...ah, ah...ah.”

Euphoria seemed to be doing her best to fight the pleasure rising within her, but her youthful limbs trembled, her mouth hung open, and sexual sweat coated her body.

“Hee, kh, khhh~ ...Please...no more... I-I’m going to...p-pee...ahhh!”

Despite her urgent cries, Hilcruz peeled back the hood.

(So this is Priestess Euphoria’s clit. ...It’s so cute.)

The exposed clitoris was as beautiful as a ruby, but the way it trembled looked almost painful.

Hilcruz stuck out his saliva-coated tongue and gave it a lick.

“Ah, stop...ah! Ahhhhh...”

Having her greatest weak point licked so thoroughly after being exposed was simply too much pleasure for her to bear. Drool dripped from her mouth and tears from her eyes.

(Eh heh heh. Now cum, Priestess Euphoria!)

The boy's tongue tip moved quickly to lick around the young woman's innocent clitoris.

(Hee, heeeeeeee...hyaahhh..."

The noble holy woman finally succumbed to this trial of the world.

She looked up toward heaven and let out a cry of joy. Her lower stomach started twitching and then droplets sprayed out.

"Ahhhhhhh, ahh...!"

It was like a water balloon had been inflated until it burst.

(Wow, I've never seen a woman squirt so much...)

In a way, that young celibate woman's lust had exploded after building and building for years.

(It's like a storm. It's so pretty~)

Hilcruz stationed himself between the holy woman's thighs and made sure not to miss a moment as she spread her legs and released her shame.

"Pant...pant...pant..."

After squirting like a whale's blowhole, the woman too noble to have ever even masturbated was too weak to close her legs.

It was all unbelievably erotic.

(Ahhh, I think my dick's about to explode...)

That holy woman had such a divine nobility that people had suspected she did not even feel lust, so Hilcruz was both satisfied and unbearably horny after teaching her the pleasures of her body.

He quickly stood up, dropped his pants, and pulled out his raging erection.

"Um, Priestess Euphoria. Uh...I can't bear it any longer, so...uh, can I put it in?"

Euphoria could not close her legs because her hips had gone limp after her first cunnilingus and first orgasm, but she shook her head.

"Y-you...can't. You mustn't. I have dedicated my chastity to my god. This alone I cannot do. If I did...I could never live with myself."

He could not force himself on her after hearing that, so he did not know what to do with his penis that was dripping precum. He tried pleading with her like an abandoned puppy.

"U-um...isn't there any way you can do it?"

She callously shook her head.

Her pussy lips were spread and the overflowing nectar had even soaked her anus.

A normal woman would have been ready to beg for the nearest cock, but Euphoria remained stubborn.

“I can’t. I am willing to accept whatever divine punishment I might receive, but I simply cannot betray all of the believers.”

“But you’re a woman first and a priestess second. There’s nothing wrong with enjoying some pleasure.”

Hilcruz tried to persuade her, but it was not enough.

The holy woman quietly shook her head.

“That is a selfish line of reasoning. Everyone carries a burden on their shoulders. Just as you can’t give up your ambition, I can’t give my way of life as a Vermilion Bird Temple priestess.”

Hilcruz could find nothing more to say and fell silent.

But then the holy woman suggested a compromise with her gushing lower body indecently exposed.

“I can’t do that, but I can do it with my anus.”

“Your...your anus?”

Hilcruz looked taken aback. Euphoria blushed, held a hand in front of her mouth as if to clear her throat, and let her eyes wander aimlessly as she nodded.

“Some texts mention this as a traditional method for priestesses to rid themselves of excess lust.”

“I-I never even thought about using a girl’s butt...”

Hilcruz had always been satisfied with the vagina, so he had never wanted to try the anus instead.

But now that he knew the sex technique existed, he felt an urge to try it out.

(Wouldn’t doing it in the ass...be way more embarrassing than in the pussy?)

He tried to guess what the young woman was thinking as she blushed as red as a tomato yet desperately worked to maintain a composed expression.

“If anal is acceptable, then please put it in.”

“Oh, yes. Of course. With pleasure ♪”

Hilcruz was as eager as a puppy, so Euphoria could not help but smile.

She forced up her limp body and placed her elbows and knees on the floor for a crawling pose.

“Go ahead...”

“Oh, right...”

Hilcruz started by sticking his raging erection between her thighs and against her crotch.

“Ah...ahh...”

Euphoria sighed in pleasure as their sensitive flesh rubbed together. Hot love juices flowed out onto his dick.

(Ahh, I so want to just stick it right in her pussy.)

He was tempted to do just that, but he could not betray her trust. He forced himself to only coat his penis in the love juices dripping down.

Then he used both hands to spread the white flesh peach.

(Ahh~ Even her asshole is pretty.)

He gently placed his penis against the violet flower in the center of the white flesh.

“Okay, I’m putting it in.”

This was Hilcruz’s first time having anal sex, so he felt oddly excited.

Euphoria had unparalleled beauty. She was the daughter of a royal family, she was a holy woman, and she had the nobility and pride to match. There were even rumors she was a candidate for a future Archbishop of the Vermilion Bird Temple. She could be sheltered and otherworldly, but she had plenty of courage and wits.

On top of all that, she was a virgin and yet she was letting him do anal. It was an incredibly perverted feeling.

That alone drove his arousal out of control. After seeing Euphoria nod, he waited for her to breathe in and pushed his cock inside.

“...!?”

He forced the hard object inside.

(I-it’s so tight! The entrance is squeezing like crazy! I feel like my dick’s going to be sliced apart!)

The tightness was entirely different to that of a vagina. The entire vagina would softly squeeze down on him, but only the anus’s entrance squeezed down with great force.

Even so, the going was much easier after he got the head inside.

He had thought it would not hurt since it had no hymen, but a thick sweat appeared on Euphoria's soft white skin.

(I-it's in. My dick is completely inside Priestess Euphoria's ass...)

The anus was not meant to take in a penis. It was smooth, as opposed to a vagina's many folds.

Instead, the sphincter at the entrance squeezed down and threatened to slice off his dick.

"Kh..." he groaned.

He did feel some disappointment that he could not stick it in her vagina, but using her ass instead brought a sense of sinfulness along with the usual sense of conquest. It filled him with a different kind of arousal.

He lost himself in thrusting his hips.

"Ahhh!"

Euphoria opened her mouth wide and arched her back. Drool dripped from her red lips and soaked her slender chin.

But Hilcruz could not stop his hips.

He felt like his penis would continue forever when he thrust in and felt like her anus would come out with it when he pulled back.

Her red and engorged anus spread wide as the boy's hard cock mercilessly pumped in and out.

As the anal violation continued, a change came over the holy woman's moaning.

"Ah...ah...ahn..."



These were now the sighs of a woman beginning to feel pleasure.

Her anus never grew wet as he pounded it, but nectar poured from her untouched pussy lips and soaked her white inner thighs.

(Good. It looks like Priestess Euphoria likes it in the ass.)

Hilcruz had been worried whether or not a woman would actually enjoy anal, so he was glad.

Knowing the woman was enjoying it would only speed up a man's hips.

He dug into her inner flesh all he wanted.

"Ahh, a-amazing, ahh, I'm melting ♪ ...I've never...felt like this... ♪ "

"Do you like it in the ass, Priestess Euphoria?"

She looked back at him with intoxicated eyes.

"Yes, I love it ♪ I love it in the butt ♪ Ahh ♪ "

Her sweet, nasally voice sent a shiver down his spine.

(Wow, it's like she's an entirely different person. She must really like anal.)

A woman whose religious precepts only allowed anal sex conveniently loved anal. That thought aroused Hilcruz and he started thrusting his hips even harder.

"Ahh, ahhh ♪ I-I can't...take it anymore ♪ I-I'm cumming... ♪ "

The holy woman spoke up tearfully while she was pounded in the ass. When Hilcruz heard it, he rapidly reached his limit.

"I'm cumming too, Priestess Euphoria!"

After his loud announcement, he thrust his penis deep inside Euphoria's ass.

"Ahn ♪ It just got even bigger...ahhhh ♪ It's twitching———— ♪ ♪ ♪"

His cock grew even thicker inside her anus, throbbed madly, and then spewed its hot fluid.

"Ahaaaaaaaaaaaaaahn ♪ ♪ ♪"

Euphoria cried out in pleasure and let drool drip from her mouth as semen filled her ass.

After ejaculating all he could, Hilcruz pulled his dick out, rolled Euphoria onto her side, and buried his face in her chest.

"Ahh...ahh, ahh..."

Euphoria had utterly lost her identity and simply moaned.

When he casually reached for the young woman's crotch, love juices splashed out like she had wet herself.

(Oh, wow. She really did cum when I came in her ass.)

It had been anal sex, but he had become one with Euphoria and guided her to orgasm. He was perfectly satisfied with that.

(I can't believe her. Her beauty would put any goddess to shame, but she love anal. She's so cute ♪)

Aroused by the holy woman's fetish, he kissed her lips while she continued to moan from the lingering orgasm.

From that day onward, Hilcruz enjoyed his orgies with the nuns as well as anal sex with Euphoria.

She normally looked so composed people doubted she felt lust, but the second she had a cock in her ass, she revealed her obscene sexuality.

That gap amused Hilcruz and he could not get enough of it.

But he could not hide in the cathedral forever. He had his ambitions to take care of.

After midsummer passed, the Ishtar troops stationed outside began to relax more. He could likely escape at any time now. Euphoria agreed and she finally gave him permission to leave.

And when she did, that cool-headed priestess made a certain request.

"I would like to perform the ritual of holy matrimony. Could you assist me?"

Chapter 6: Holy Matrimony

“The bishop of the Vermilion Bird Temple and Priestess of this cathedral will now perform the Rite of Holy Matrimony.”

It was late at night when the cathedral’s nuns were all asleep.

Nervous Sigyn wore her white nun trainee habit and serious Gracen wore her Sanctuary Knight uniform.

The two of them guided Hilcruz into the chapel.

The ceiling was too high to see without looking up and the walls had rose-colored windows. Unevenly thick columns curved toward the walls and shadows remained because the magic light was insufficient to illuminate the grand space.

In her silver-rimmed glasses and black habit, Velvet made a solemn announcement from the shadows next to the pulpit.

In the Vermilion Bird Temple, Holy Matrimony was a way of having sex with a god. The god descended into the priestess and one had sex with that priestess to receive the blessings of that god.

In some regions, the priestess possessed by the divine spirit would have sex with the king to fill the king with divine spiritual energy and give the illusion of ruling the land as an avatar of the god.

The priestess that played that role was apparently known as a holy prostitute.

This had supposedly been distorted until some women's only cathedrals functioned as brothels for the royals and nobles, but that was an exceptional case if not a mere legend.

Either way, it meant a chaste nun would offer up her chastity and a blessing from a priestess had to be second to none. Hilcruz had no reason to reject the offer.

Euphoria was a royal from the Baromlist Kingdom and a priestess, so her Holy Matrimony should have been widely announced and accompanied by a luxurious ceremony.

But they could not publicly announce it when the man was a criminal.

It would be held in secret and the only witnesses would be Velvet, Gracen, and Sigyn.

“ ... ”

Hilcruz gulped and came to a stop on top of the carpet decorated with the Vermilion Bird that was the temple's emblem.

In the pulpit at the front of the cathedral, the moonlight washed over Euphoria who waited in her red ceremonial garb and gold decorations.

It was a subtly beautiful and fantastical scene.

Her majestic face revealed her noble lineage. Despite her plump breasts and butt, her shoulders were graceful and her hips elegant.

She looked like an incarnation of a red moon, not a vermilion bird.

Hilcruz was overwhelmed by her beauty and realized that beauty was a kind of power in its own way.

The boy gasped and was hit by an unavoidable question.

“There’s one thing I don’t understand...”

“Yes, what is it?”

Euphoria showed him the charming smile of an angel.

“Why are you doing this for me? ...Um, isn’t your chastity incredibly important?”

He truly did not understand. He had learned all too well over the past month that every woman felt lust.

He had even learned that Euphoria was no exception, no matter how pure she might appear.

But no matter how horny she had grown, she had never given up her chastity. She had gone as far as having anal sex to avoid it.

The graceful woman smiled and nodded as if to say, “Is that all?”

“Prince Hilcruz, I must confess something before we begin the ceremony. I am a weak woman.”

“...! Um...”

The boy could not hide his confusion over the unexpected confession, but the beautiful holy woman remained ever calm.

“I face the altar on a daily basis to discipline myself.”

Hilcruz started to speak, but Euphoria stopped him and slowly walked down from the pulpit.

“Why must I discipline myself? Because I am aware of my own carelessness and my weak heart. I am a coward and constantly afraid that side of myself will show on the surface, so I discipline myself through my faith.”

The holy woman stopped in front of the boy, held out her hands, and lovingly embraced his cheeks.

The boy was surrounded by a scent much like sweet milk.

“And the female bishops of the Vermilion Bird Temple can only offer our chastity to one person: our partner in Holy Matrimony.”

“B-but why did you choose me?”

The red-haired holy woman kept her slender hands on his cheeks and crouched down to his eye level.

The beautiful angled eyes, long eyelashes, light purple eyes, and red lips of her coquettish face naturally caused the boy to blush.

He had known she was pretty, but she was even more beautiful than normal after dressing up for this special night.

(Ahh... She has such an otherworldly beauty. I bet not even the Vermilion Bird's goddess is as beautiful as her.)

Hilcruz was paralyzed by her divine and noble beauty.

“I have abandoned a worldly life. I have no goal in this world. I simply live here. But you are different. You are filled with shining ambition. That energy is bright and endlessly attractive. I believe anyone in this cathedral would say the same thing.”

The holy woman's beauty had stolen Hilcruz's heart, but the words left his mouth before he had even noticed.

“Then you just have to hold your own ambition.”

He gently grabbed the slender hands on his cheeks.

“My own ambition?”

The older woman widened her eyes in surprise and the conceited boy nodded.

Once he put it to words, she felt like this was what she had always wanted.

“You just have to become the top of the Vermilion Bird Temple. Become the Archbishop of the headquarters and then become the Pope.”

“Me? The Pope?”

Hilcruz held the confused goddess’s hands and desperately pleaded with her.

“Yes. There are positions you can hold. I’ll usurp some kingdom or another and you become Pope of the Vermilion Bird Temple. Do that and we can make our Holy Matrimony public. If we combine the religious world and the secular world, conquering the continent will be a lot easier and we can bring peace to the continent much sooner.”

“You really do dream big.”

Euphoria put on an exasperated look, but then she smiled.

“But you have piqued my interest. Very well. I will become Pope of the Vermilion Bird Temple. And you must come for me as a great ruler.”

“That I’ll do. And then we can take the world for ourselves.”

Hilcruz gave a powerful nod with such a cheerful look one would think his dream had already come true.

Euphoria also seemed to be enjoying herself.

Noting that their feelings had become one, Velvet erased her own expression and spoke solemnly.

“Do you, Euphoria, grant Hilcruz the blessings of your god?”

This was a covenant with a god who did not bless the world at large.

“I do. I will serve Prince Hilcruz as long as my life lasts.”

The noble holy woman made a clear announcement while looking the conceited boy in the eye. Velvet then turned toward the boy.

“Do you, Hilcruz, accept Euphoria as an agent of her god?”

The chance to accept this beautifully noble woman and to accept her as his partner in Holy Matrimony filled Hilcruz with indescribable elation.

(I swear I'll become a man worthy of her.)

“I do. Priestess Euphoria is the only one I will call a god.”

The wannabe conqueror boy made his announcement without looking away from the lovely young woman's eyes.

Velvet must have sensed something there because she closed her eyes a bit before nodding.

"Understood. I, Velvet, shall act as witness on behalf of the Vermilion Bird Temple. Please begin the Rite of Holy Matrimony."

Euphoria gulped and placed her nervously trembling fingertips on Hilcruz's chin.

Her nerves were infectious and Hilcruz started feeling dizzy. The holy woman's cheeks flushed somewhat as she moved her face in and gently placed her red lips on the boy's lips.

"Nn, nnn...nn~"

Her red lips were neither too thick nor too thin and they pressed and rubbed against him.

She then stuck out her tongue and licked all across the boy's lips. Then they parted that gate of flesh. Her wet tongue started at his front teeth and licked along his other teeth and gums.

The assertive kiss seemed out of place in the pure atmosphere of the chapel. Hilcruz was caught off guard and then the wet tongue tried to move even deeper inside his mouth. He obediently opened his mouth.

“Eh heh heh...”

A gentle smile entered Euphoria’s eyes when she saw how overwhelmed Hilcruz was and she stuck her tongue out to lick along the roof of his mouth.

“!”

A tingle ran through the boy’s body at the strange sensation of having his upper jaw licked from within his mouth.

(Ah, Priestess Euphoria, why are you kissing me so deeply? ...Velvet and the others are shocked too.)

Hilcruz and Euphoria had enjoyed anal sex several times, but they had always made sure none of the nuns were around.

The woman looked like nobility itself and seemed devoid of lust, so none of the others had expected her to be so assertive with her kiss.

“Nhh...mh...hhn...nn ♪”

The boy had built up a lot of experience with women in the cathedral, but he was left in a daze by this young woman’s skill with her tongue in his mouth.

Their tongues tangled together and sweet saliva flowed into his mouth.

That mild liquid washed down his throat and he realized he could not leave it

at this. He reached his arms around her, stroked his right hand down her slender back, and arrived at her plump butt.

“Ah!”

He dug his middle finger into the valley of flesh. The instant he touched near her anus, Euphoria’s eyes widened and her body noticeably trembled.

(Yeah, her ass is her real weak point...)

The idea of this frighteningly beautiful young woman’s weak point being her anus turned Hilcruz on.

He began groping her butt and digging into her anus through her red dress.

“N, nn...nn...”

Euphoria remained frozen in place for a moment, but she finally came back to her senses, ended the kiss, and brushed his hand off. She glared at him with the look of a big sister scolding her mischievous little brother.

“This is the Rite of Holy Matrimony. I will be serving you tonight. Please relax.”

“R-right... Sorry.”

He gave into the intensity of her eyes, honestly apologized, and ended his mischief.

“Now, I will remove your clothing.”

The holy woman's slender hands gently removed the boy's clothing one piece at a time. Finally, she removed his underwear.

When his penis sprang out, the noble holy woman lovingly narrowed her eyes, but she soon looked back up.

“Please lie down.”

Hilcruz lay on his back and the woman of peerless beauty lay next to him.

(Ahh... What's she going to do now...?)

The perverted boy's heart pounded with expectation and anxiety and the young woman stroked his cheek while staring at his face which still retained its youthfulness.

“Oh, you have such an adorable face...but a demon lives in your heart. Perhaps I should not have sheltered you. You will surely become a wicked king who spreads calamity.”

The holy woman looked entranced as she gave her ominous prophecy. She stared at his face while her white hand gently stroked his muscular chest and stomach before moving down to the bottom of his stomach.

“Uuh...”

Her hand was cold. He remembered hearing that women with cold hands were the most passionate.

“Oh, how manly. This is the manly spear you used to skewer all of the young woman in this cathedral, isn’t it?”

She held his penis tightly in her hand and a hint of jealousy entered her lovely voice, so Hilcruz quickly made an excuse.

“I-I wouldn’t say all...”

He could not deny going a little overboard in fucking the cathedral’s nuns, but he (perhaps overly optimistically) felt he could not have done it with *all* of them.

“Yes. It was not all. There is one left, but that will change tonight.”

With the look of a true holy woman, Euphoria gently embraced the boy she held in her hand.

“You are on the run from your kingdom and you have either killed or been betrayed by everyone you trusted. You likely believe you are all alone and have no life left but one of unbridled ambition. When I left my royal family and joined the Milka Cathedral, I too felt alienated. But in time, this cathedral became my home and the nuns became my family. They might as well be a part of my own body. So all of your indecent acts since arriving here might as well have been done to me. And you are no longer alone. This cathedral is on your side. Isn’t that right, Velvet, Sigyn, and Gracen?”

The witnesses nodded at the priestess's question.

"Yes. I am afraid to say I view Prince Hilcruz like my own son at this point."

Velvet smiled softly behind her intellectual glasses.

"He is an irreplaceable master for me."

Solemn and serious Gracen did not hesitate to answer.

"To me...I guess he's a lover."

After some thought, Sigyn blushed. Euphoria nodded at that answer.

"Yes, a lover. You are the lover of every last nun in the Milka Cathedral."

He felt embarrassed by that, but he also liked to hear it.

"Now, as the representative of this cathedral, I shall become a holy prostitute and grant you divine blessings."

Euphoria reached inside her skirt and removed her red panties. She handed them to Sigyn who reverently accepted them.

She then began to mount the raging erection standing tall from Hilcruz's crotch.

Hilcruz and the witnesses all paled and Velvet quickly moved to stop her.

“Priestess, please wait. Do you intend to put it in right away?”

“Yes. To become a holy prostitute is to offer him my chastity.”

The priestess looked confused that she had to explain such a basic fact.

Sigyn nervously spoke to her superior.

“U-um...priestess. I know this is an important ceremony, but you need some more foreplay. You will hurt yourself otherwise.”

Euphoria responded to the unasked for suggestion by glaring over at Sigyn. Sigyn was normally hesitant to speak to her, so she tensed up. However, the lovely young woman betrayed her expectations by giving her an elegant smile.

“Thank you. But isn’t it normal for it to hurt the first time?”

“Y-yes. But...”

The flustered nun trainee corrected the older priestess.

“Priestess, a lot of people make this mistake, but the hymen is not actually a membrane fully covering the vagina. It is only some stiffer vaginal folds. So with enough foreplay to loosen it up, you will not bleed and you can enjoy your first

time.”

“R-really?”

“Yes. So I recommend more foreplay.”

Hilcruz and Euphoria would be unable to sleep together for a while after this one time tonight. That gave another reason to want the ceremony to be a beautiful success.

Euphoria weighed her pride as a woman against her pleasure as a woman, but she finally obediently asked her subordinates for help.

“U-um... I do not know much about this sort of thing...so please teach me what I need to know.”

“Oh, yes. Of course. With pleasure... ♪”

It was normally unthinkable for a nun trainee to teach a priestess anything at all, so Sigyn sounded excited at the prospect.

Then Gracen stepped forward after remaining silent the entire time.

“In that case, I suggest you straddle Prince Hilcruz’s face.”

“Eh...!?”

The holy woman's eyes widened in disbelief. No matter what might have happened since, Euphoria had still had a sheltered upbringing. Hilcruz had performed oral sex on her before they had anal sex, but she had been on the receiving end. The thought of face sitting had never occurred to her.

"If the prince gives your pussy a thorough licking, even you should be soaking wet. Then you will be ripe for the fucking."

"Ripe for the fucking...?"

Euphoria was shocked by the Sanctuary Knight's extremely obscene suggestion given with a straight face.

"Having him lick you probably would be the best foreplay."

"Yeah, I love it when the prince licks me ♪"

Velvet agreed while pushing up her glasses and Sigyn agreed with an innocent smile, so Euphoria hesitantly agreed.

"U-understood... L-like this?"

Euphoria stood with her feet on either side of Hilcruz's face, but her long skirt hid the view.

"Really now, priestess. You aren't making this easy."

Sigyn complained about her boss without thinking and pulled up Euphoria's

long red skirt.

“Kyah!”

Euphoria quickly covered her crotch with her hands, but it was too late. Her long white legs were revealed.

Covering just her crotch with the rest of her white lower body exposed only emphasized the eroticism.

(She has such beautiful legs.)

And Hilcruz was not the only one to think so.

“Wow, your legs are so long, priestess. I’m jealous.”

Sigyn gave an intoxicated sigh and Gracen gently urged the woman on.

“Now lower your hips to place your pussy on Prince Hilcruz’s face.”

“B-but...I...”

The ladylike young woman could not abandon her shame, so she fidgeted and resisted until her confidante scolded her.

“What is there to be embarrassed about now? This is the Rite of Holy Matrimony you said you wanted to do. If you don’t make this the best night it

can be, you will regret it.”

“B-but...sitting on a gentleman’s face...is too much for me...”

She wanted to do something obscene, but she could not rid herself of the dignity born of her excellent upbringing.

And she was pierced by the gazes of the boy below her and the three women around her.

“Priestess Euphoria, please let me lick your pussy...”

“Ahh...”

Her legs trembled and she slowly, slowly lowered her hips. Soon, her crotch was right in front of Hilcruz’s eyes, but with her hands still covering it.

Sigyn brought her face to Hilcruz’s ear and giggled mischievously.

“Hee hee hee. You’re breathing heavily, Prince Hilcruz. You really are a dirty boy. Of course, the priestess is the most beautiful woman in the cathedral, so I understand why you’re feeling so horny. So do you want to see her pussy?”

He answered her teasing voice with a large nod.

“There you have it, priestess. It would be cruel to make the poor prince wait too long ♪”

“B-but it’s so embarrassing... Ahh...”

She had received cunnilingus from Hilcruz before, but being in a public environment when face sitting for the first time was apparently too much for her.

She blushed as she looked down at him past her crotch and her white inner thighs grew pink as well.

(I love how she never forgets her shame.)

With her crotch close enough to feel the boy’s heavy breathing, she slowly, slowly removed the fingers covering it. At the same time, heat and a salty smell reached the boy’s face.

“Ahh, I never thought it would be so embarrassing... Ahh.”

With the barrier of white hands gone, glittering white skin and ruby red hair were exposed.

Beyond that, the swollen flesh gate sat slightly open. A single drop of hot juices dripped down and left a long silver line in its wake.

The instant it touched Hilcruz’s cheek, his head seemed to burst into flames.

“Ah!?” cried Euphoria.

Unable to resist, Hilcruz grabbed the holy woman's hips and started licking.

"Ah...ahh...ahhhh..."

The young woman moaned as she tangled her fingers in his hair. She may have been trying to pull him away, but she lacked the strength.

However, she looked truly beautiful as she writhed in pleasure. Her beautiful face was rarely expressive, but it was now plainly displayed her pleasure.

"Sigyn, Gracen. You two assist with the ceremony."

On Velvet's command, the two girls stopped watching in a daze and got to work.

As the woman writhed atop the boy's face, they pulled her red dress down from her chest.

"Wh-what are you doing...?"

Euphoria had lost herself in pleasure, but she managed to ask her question in a scratchy, unsure voice.

However, the two girls did not respond and instead each grabbed one of the bowl-shaped tits revealed before them.

“Whew... Priestess, you always seemed as cold as an ice statue, but your skin is warm and soft ♪ And your boobs are so big and shapely. I’m jealous.”

“I’m jealous too.”

Sigyn and Gracen both gave the woman looks of envy and jealousy.

“Ah, no...stop...”

Even Euphoria could imagine what was going to happen next.

She shook her head, but the girls showed no mercy. Gracen and Sigyn each groped one of the white steamed buns and then placed the tip in their mouth.

“Ah, what...? Stop that...ahhh...”

The holy woman writhed in unprecedented sexual pleasure as the two girls sucked her nipples.

(Okay, I can’t let them beat me ♪)

The boy loved pleasuring women, so he spread the holy woman’s pussy lips wide and licked all over the sexual flesh within.

“Ahhh, no, that’s...no, this is...ahhh...”

Thanks to the three point attack on her nipples and labia, Euphoria cried out in

anguish and an obscene sweat covered her lovely white skin.

In the late night chapel, a young woman in red writhed in pleasure as her white skin glistened with sweat. It was divinely erotic.

Horny Hilcruz enjoyed the weight of the holy woman's peach butt while licking her hooded clitoris, her urethra, her vulva, her vagina, and even her anus.

"Ahh, ahh ♪"

Euphoria reacted sensitively everywhere, but the most sensitive reaction came from her asshole.

"Ahh, ah~~~~~n ♪"

Euphoria wrinkled her brow and shut her mouth in a desperate attempt to suppress her moans, but the cry of pleasure escaped regardless.

(Hmm. She looks like she wouldn't hurt a fly, but she has such a sensitive ass.)

She normally had a cold iron mask of an expression, but once he started toying with her anus, her horny side revealed itself. That gap stimulated Hilcruz's male heart.

After his orgies in the cathedral, Hilcruz knew every woman's body was unique and they all had different erogenous zones.

The individual difference in the anus seemed to be especially large.

He had tried attacking Sigyn, Gracen, Velvet, and the others there, but none of them had enjoyed it the way Euphoria did.

The lovely young woman could not help but feel pleasure from that shameful hole, so he placed his thumb on it and massaged the surface while using his words as well.

“Priestess Euphoria, you really like anal, don’t you? ♪”

“D-don’t say that...ahhhh... ♪”

Tears of embarrassment filled the corners of her eyes and she shook her head. Hilcruz had already known about this weakness, but she would lose her dignity as priestess now that her subordinates knew.

And sure enough, Velvet, Sigyn, and Gracen looked shocked to discover the priestess was an anal-lover.

“Didn’t you know? You’re supposed to poop from here, not have sex with it.”

“Ahh, no...stop...ahhhhh ♪”

The holy woman writhed and moaned as if she were being exposed to all the world’s misery. The sight was erotic enough to arouse even her fellow women.

(Priestess Euphoria’s disgraced look really is a work of art ♪)

The young woman's body was wet with a horny sweat as she moaned and wrinkled her brow, so Hilcruz licked at her clitoris and pressed harder with the thumb on her anus to tease her further.

"Hey, tell us how good it feels to have your ass teased ♪"

"No, I can't say-...ahhhhhh ♪"

Euphoria screamed in pleasure as he stuck his thumb into her anus.

To prove her pleasure, her pussy lips twitched and plenty of juices gushed from her honeypot.

"Why not? It feels good when I tease your ass, doesn't it? You just have to say it."

As he pumped his thumb in and out of her anus, the young woman gasped for breath and admitted it.

"Ahh, ahh...ahh...it feels so good...having my but teased...ahn ♪"

Hilcruz rewarded her honesty by teasing her even more.

"Eh heh heh. Priestess Euphoria, people have a term for women who like anal. They call them perverts."

“Ahh, no...ah!”

This young woman normally looked like she would not react even if the world turned upside down, but now her eyes desperately wandered around.

“Don’t worry. I love that you’re a perverted anal-loving woman. But the believers look up to you as a holy woman, so I wonder what they would think if they knew that about you ♪”

“Ahh...I-I am...not worthy of being called a holy woman...”

“Yes, you are!” Gracen removed her mouth from Euphoria’s right nipple to speak. “It does not matter in the slightest if you like it in the butt, so don’t worry.”

Sigyn added her support while fondling Euphoria’s left breast.

“I don’t mind either. In fact, I think I like you even more than before. You were so perfect that you were kind of unapproachable, so I’m relieved to know you have a weakness.”

Finally, Velvet nodded while watching on.

“Everyone has their own fetish. And you were too strict before, priestess.”

“W-was...I...ahhhh?”

Euphoria must have been glad her subordinates had accepted her secret fetish

and that seemed to increase her pleasure.

As her beautiful body squirmed, Sigyn and Gracen held it in place and sucked on the nipples.

“Ahhhhhhhhhh!!”

Hilcruz realized Euphoria was close to orgasm, so he continued pumping his thumb in and out of her anus while he stuck his tongue in her vagina, licked around inside, and rubbed his nose against her exposed clitoris.

“Ahh, I’m cumming, I’m going to cum, I’m cumming, I’m cumming!”

“Go ahead and cum. Cum for us.”

The nun in black kindly whispered to the holy woman who was sobbing like a small child.

“Ahhhhhhhhhh!!!!”

The pale-faced young woman cried out and writhed about. First, her white lower stomach convulsed and then the intense tremor spread to her entire body.

Hilcruz could of course feel her tightening on the thumb in her anus and the tongue in her vagina.

Then a spray of hot nectar reached his face.

The nude face-sitting holy woman went limp and almost collapsed, but Sigyn and Gracen quickly supported her.

Then they lay her down on her back.

“Pant, pant, pant...”

In the afterglow of the intense orgasm, the holy woman left her body sprawled out without showing any embarrassment.

Her legs had gone limp, they were indecently spread, and plenty of nectar had flowed from the lips there.

It was the perfect time to put it in her.

Hilcruz naturally gulped and Velvet must have heard because she spoke with the corner of her glasses glittering.

“Now, let us truly begin the Rite of Holy Matrimony. Prince, you can’t wait much longer, can you?”

“N-no...”

He truly could not. Precum was gushing from his cock as he held it in both hands.

“Then help me prepare her, Sigyn and Gracen.”

With velvet in the center, the women grabbed at Euphoria’s limp body.

Velvet embraced the holy woman from behind, Sigyn grabbed her right leg, and Gracen grabbed her left leg. They lifted her like a pillar that supported the heavens.

This would prevent her from crawling back as virgins were wont to do. It was an efficient pose, but it contained the lack of mercy only found in fellow women.

“Now, Prince Hilcruz, please take Priestess Euphoria’s chastity.”

“Can I really...?”

Hilcruz was hesitant, but limp as she was, Euphoria nodded firmly with the lingering orgasm still visible in her face.

“Yes... Please make me your holy prostitute.”

“Th-then...”

Hilcruz sounded like a starving dog as he held his unruly child in his right hand and approached on his knees.

While holding her legs, the nun trainee and the Sanctuary Knight placed their fingers on the holy woman’s pussy lips and spread them as far as they could.

“Ahhhhh!!”

For some reason, opening her lower lips seemed to prevent Euphoria from closing the upper ones either.

Those red lips opened wide and drool dripped down to soak her slender chin.

(Wow, the red flesh is soaking wet. Well, she does seem to produce a lot of juices.)

The flesh spear advanced while producing enough precum to give the holy woman's pussy a run for its money. It pressed up against Euphoria's spread hidden lips.

“I'm putting it in!”

Hilcruz could not hide the arousal in his voice and Euphoria gave a dignified nod even as she was held in such an indecent position.

Not just those two but Velvet, Sigyn, and Gracen all watched the union between boy and woman.

The tip dripping with precum gained female juices as well.

(Ahh, should I really be the one to take Priestess Euphoria's virginity? But I want to...I want to make her mine and only mine.)

Ruled by a desire to monopolize her, the boy pushed forward. Her feminine flesh spread outward as it swallowed the masculine flesh.

“Ah.”

Euphoria had made up her mind, but a small cry still escaped her lips and she tried to escape. However, the woman and two girls held her in place.

That allowed the penis to be swallowed in short order.

(Ahh, it's so warm...and incredibly sticky.)

So many folds of flesh surrounded his manhood that he almost thought she was hiding worms in there.

She was not squeezing all that tight, but the motion made him want to cum right away. As he fought the urge to ejaculate, he expressed his concern as someone who was used to virgins.

“Does it hurt?”

“No...it just feels weird...”

He slowly, slowly continued forward and his entire cock was eventually devoured.

The countless folds wrapped softly around it.

“Priestess, you look so happy.”

Velvet sighed as she looked down at Euphoria from above and Sigyn asked an excited question with a glitter in her eyes.

“Prince Hilcruz, how does it feel inside the priestess?”

“It feels...so good...”

The boy’s intoxicated voice put a complicated look on the three witnesses’ faces.

“Um... Prince, shouldn’t you start moving?”

After hearing Gracen’s suggestion, Hilcruz confirmed that Euphoria was used to him inside her and he nodded.

“Okay, I’m going to move, Priestess Euphoria.”

He leaned forward and wrapped his arms around the beloved holy woman’s hips. The two girls were still holding her legs up.

Hilcruz peered down at their union as he slowly began to move his hips.

“Ah...ah...ahn...ahn...”

An obscenely wet sound came from their union.

Starting with Sigyn and Gracen, Hilcruz had taken around a hundred virginities, but none of them had gone as smoothly as this.

Unlike a girl in her mid-teens, a young woman in her early twenties may have grown a fully developed organ for receiving a man.

(Ah, but she has so many folds... She's not as tight as Sigyn, she doesn't squeeze like Gracen, and she doesn't melt my dick like Velvet. But all the rough folds wrap around every bit of my dick.)

He was worried he was about to explode after just sticking it in.

But not moving inside such an amazing honeypot would be a waste.

To enjoy this perfect pussy, Hilcruz moved his hips while making sure he did not blow his load. But pleasure was pleasure. He could not stop himself from thrusting faster and faster.

"Ah, ah, nn..."

With each thrust, her breasts bounced in a powerful dance.

(And that look of pleasure is so sexy.)

A look of ecstasy came to the holy woman's face as she was exposed to the

boy's rough movements. Sweet breaths and drool escaped her lips.

No one would have imagined that noble holy woman could look like this.

(I'm the only guy that has seen her like this.)

Feeling a desire to monopolize her, he wanted to pleasure this holy woman much, much more.

The man could use his hips as much as he wanted in this position, so his hips grew faster and faster while knocking on her cervix.

"Ah..."

Just as Euphoria let out a small cry, the movements of her vagina grew all the more intense.

"Ahh...stop that, you two..."

The blushing holy woman widened her eyes and looked behind Hilcruz, so he looked back to see what was up.

"Ah, priestess, you're such a dirty woman. I can't hold back when I see your pussy so wet..."

Sigyn kneeled on the ground and reached up to lick Euphoria's left foot. She licked the ankle, the toes, and between the toes.

“I will assist the prince.”

On the other side, Gracen similarly licked all over the holy woman’s right leg.

Sigyn had always seemed to be a bit of a lesbian, but Gracen had disliked being viewed in a homosexual light.

Both of them looked like they could not stand it anymore as they each embraced one of the holy woman’s legs, pressed it against their chest, and licked the toes.

A closer look showed both of them were fingering their own crotch.

“Honestly, young girls simply do not know how to restrain themselves ♪ This is supposed to be an important ceremony, you know?”

The nun in black smiled lewdly, wrapped her arms around the holy woman, grabbed her breasts, and began groping them.

“Ahhh...”



Licking her toes would not provide much physical pleasure, but the visual seemed to stimulate her guilt.

On top of that, the definite erogenous zone of her breasts was being massaged.

“Ahh, ahhh, ahh...”

She was having her virginity taken, but Euphoria’s arousal seemed to be rapidly rising.

Her moans grew louder and her pussy moved more intensely around his cock.

“Ah...”

Euphoria and Hilcruz raised their voices in unison.

His penis throbbed violently as it stabbed to the deepest part of her honeypot, so he quickly gathered his strength to resist.

(A little just leaked out... Resist, resist, resist...)

Her perfect pussy had transformed into a man-eating antlion pit now that she had started feeling pleasure.

He appreciated Sigyn, Gracen, and Velvet’s help, but he wanted it to be his penis that guided Euphoria to climax. His manhood was at its limit and he could tell the semen had built up to the very tip, so he thrust his hips even harder.

“Ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah...”

With his cock on the verge of bursting, he pounded it against the young woman’s cervix again and again, causing her slender body to twitch violently.

At the same time, her vagina moved just as intensely and tightened down.

(Ah, her hot flesh is wriggling all around. It’s like sticking my dick in an octopus

pot...)

On top of that, she poured hot love juices onto him.

(Ahh, my dick is going to boil...)

Hilcruz clenched his teeth and did his best to resist, but his mind finally went blank.

“Ah, amazing... Priestess Euphoria, I’m...I’m going to...”

“Ah, ah, ah...”

The holy woman could not respond as she was held down by a total of four people, but she apparently had a perfect understanding of what the manhood inside her was about to do.

The many hot folds moved like crazy and she had a habit of squirting. The penis grew even larger and hot blood pulsed through it.

“Ah! There it is!”

The holy woman could barely think, but she noticed the change inside her vagina and cried out.

Then the cock exploded.

The tip pressed against her cervix and ejaculated.

“H-hyah...ahhhh!!!”

It may have been a feminine instinct, but when the holy woman felt the hot male liquid inside her, the toes being licked by the girls began to twitch and she achieved orgasm.

Noticing that, Hilcruz thrust his hips while ejaculating.

After pumping out all of his cum, he collapsed into her chest.

“Gulp...”

The other three gulped as if the cum had been pumped into them and they let go of the woman who really was full of cum.

With her body freed, Euphoria could not resist. She wrapped her arms around Hilcruz’s back, wrapped her legs around his hips, and held him tight.

“Ahh...ahh...ahh...”

As they let the afterglow wash over them, his manhood finally shrank and their union came apart.

Velvet made a solemn announcement as a witness.

“Priestess Euphoria of the Milka Cathedral has now become Prince Hilcruz’s holy prostitute.”

(Oh, right. This was a religious ceremony.)

Hilcruz had completely forgotten about the other people and was embarrassed that he had only focused on bringing the beautiful woman to climax.

Euphoria seemed to read his mind as she kindly smiled at him.

“Now I am your holy prostitute. Even if we are separated by vast distances, do not forget that there is always a woman worried for you. And no matter what you might do, even if you become known as a villain or an evil king, I will always be on your side.”

“Thank you. I swear I will become a man worthy of you.”

The boy and woman who had chosen to share their destinies were drawn to each other for a kiss.

“Hh, nn, hnnn...”

He had thought he had released every last drop of cum, but once they finished their long kiss, he penis had recovered. It pressed against the holy woman’s lower stomach to make its presence known.

When Euphoria noticed, she wiggled her lower body around.

“Hm? What is it?”

She blushed and lowered her head to steal glances of his cock.

“Th-the front was wonderful, but...um...”

Hilcruz realized what she meant.

“You prefer it in the butt?”

“...Yes.”

She was barely audible, but she did admit to her own fetish.

(She’s so cute... And this cute young woman is mine. I need to satisfy her ♪)

He had a somewhat problematic view of a woman older than him, but Hilcruz embraced Euphoria.

“Your pussy was amazingly wet, hot, and wriggling, but if you say you prefer anal, I’m more than willing to do you in the ass.”

After he whispered in her ear, she got down on all fours, stuck her butt up, and parted the plump flesh.

Her anus was already soaked with the love juices and semen that had flowed from her vagina.

He pressed his penis against it and pushed in.

Her anus spread wide to swallow it.

“Ahh...”

After sticking it in all the way to the base and hearing her cry out in pleasure, Hilcruz reached around to her front and flipped them over while fondling her breasts.

He turned Euphoria face up on top of him and he spread her legs.

He spread her legs during anal sex. This naturally exposed her pussy.

And he called to his sex friends.

“Velvet, Sigyn, Gracen. Could you help me show some love to Priestess Euphoria?”

“Of course ♪”

Sigyn replied cheerfully and Gracen nodded silently. Velvet pushed up her glasses and smiled bitterly.

“If you insist.”

The nun trainee, the manager, and the holy warrior moved their faces close to their priestess's body.

"Ahhh..."

While she took a cock up the ass, the holy woman's subordinates licked her collarbones, armpits, nipples, navel, and labia.

Sigyn was the most curious and unrestrained, so she spread those lips and gave a shout.

"Wow, the priestess's holy mother is soaking wet."

Referring to the vagina as one's "holy mother" was apparently a euphemism used in the Milka Cathedral.

"Oh, wow ♪ Even your pussy is beautiful, priestess. It looks like a rose. A rose wet with the morning dew. It's so pretty and sexy ♪"

The horny nun trainee's commentary turned the lovely holy woman's entire body red from embarrassment, but then Gracen joined Sigyn in the unnecessary comments.

"You really are wet. You're always so stoic that I thought you might not get wet, but it almost looks like you pissed yourself."

"Ahh...don't say that ♪"

Even if she was utterly embarrassed, the anal-loving young woman's voice naturally melted as she had anal sex.

The two young girls could not restrain their curiosity. They had both looked up that beautiful woman, so they licked at her pussy like it was a competition.

"Your pussy tastes like the prince."

Euphoria shook her head in protest as they sucked at her vagina.

"Ah, no, don't suck there, no, ahhh..."

But they were not about to stop.

The priestess had been known for her cold majesty, but now she was her subordinates' toy. They seemed to be trying to suck all of Hilcruz's cum out of her vagina.

Meanwhile, Velvet had stepped away for a moment, but she came back with something in hand.

"Priestess, I happen to have these..."

Velvet turned over her bag and around a dozen dildos poured out.

"W-wait, Velvet. You had this many?"

“A real one is of course the best, but each of these has its own unique flavor.”

Hilcruz was shocked, but Velvet licked her lips.

“Plus, I had a feeling I would need this in a cathedral full of girls, so I forced Orphen to sell it to me.”

Velvet picked something up in both hands. A long object dangled from the center of a thin string.

It was a double vibrator.

“I thought I would never have a chance to use this, but I think that time has finally come ♪”

Velvet placed one side of the double vibrator in her mouth, covered it in her drool, pulled up her black skirt, and removed her panties.

She parted her pubic hair and equipped the double dildo.

The false penis rose from the crotch of that body with so many feminine curves. It was somewhat amusing, but it also had a perverted sort of eroticism.

“Oh, silly me. I forgot to get the other side wet. I would harm the priestess if I put it in like this. Sigyn, Gracen. Sorry, but could you suck this?”

Sigyn and Gracen immediately wrapped their lips around the fake penis rising

from a mature woman's crotch.

(Wow...now this is an amazing sight.)

Sigyn and Gracen had both just sucked Hilcruz's cum out of Euphoria's vagina, so that covered the dildo as much as their saliva.

Velvet would derive no pleasure from having a fake penis sucked, but she still blushed as if growing intoxicated on the obscene view.

"Eh heh heh. That should do it. Thank you. Now I will fuck the priestess with this."

"S-stop...eek."

Euphoria shook her head, but she could not escape with a cock in her ass.

Velvet seemed aroused by the idea of penetrating the priestess she was meant to serve. Madness filled the eyes behind her glasses.

The beautiful woman spread her legs wide on top of Hilcruz and the more mature woman lay on top of that.

"Ah, ahh, ahhhhh!!!"

The semen Hilcruz had pumped inside her earlier acted as a lubricant. The dildo entered smoothly.

At the same time, the penis inside her anus felt a rough sensation through the thin flesh wall.

“Fwahhh...”

Tremors ran through Euphoria’s body as she was sandwiched between the boy’s body and the mature woman’s body.

“Oh, you look so obscenely beautiful with the pleasure written on your face... I can’t stand it.”

Velvet seemed to have awoken to a forbidden pleasure. She thrust her hips more and more.

“Oh, this is great. I can feel the vibration in Priestess Euphoria’s asshole.”

Hilcruz lay on his back, Euphoria lay on her back on top of him, and Velvet lay face down on top of her.

Hilcruz could not move with two women weighing him down. All he could do was writhe in pleasure.

“A-amazing...” said Sigyn.

The nun trainee and the Sanctuary Knight watched their bosses’ sexual show from the left and right.

They could not stand it anymore, so they lowered their own panties and began masturbating while standing.

“Sigyn, Gracen. Come here...”

Hilcruz beckoned to them, so they obediently walked over and placed their pussies on his hands.

Their hot juices dripped down his fingers and their twitching inner flesh seemed to suck his fingers inside.

(Wow. They’re both soaked. This is when I would want to put my dick in them, but it’s otherwise occupied.)

He wanted to enjoy alternately thrusting inside one of their pussies and then the other, but his manhood was currently tightly contained inside Euphoria’s ass.

“Prince Hilcruz, use my collection on them.”

“Oh, that’s right.”

Hilcruz had them each choose a dildo they liked the looks of.

They were both hesitant because they had never had anything besides Hilcruz’s penis inside them, but they could not resist the throbbing inside their body.

“Okay, I’m putting them in.”

Hilcruz penetrated Gracen with the dildo in his right hand and Sigyn with the one in his left hand.

“Ahn... ♪”

The girls seemed to be feeling a fair amount of pleasure, but these fakes were apparently not as good as the real thing. They fondled their own breasts to help things along.

That was when Hilcruz gave some magic power to the magic jewels attached to the dildos to activate them.

With an almost destructive sound of vibration, the tips of the dildos began to move.

“Hee, uh, no way, hgee...!!!”

“Eh? It’s digging into me!!!”

Sigyn and Gracen writhed in pleasure from their first experience with a magic vibrator.

Meanwhile, Euphoria was also writhing in pleasure.

“V-Velvet, p-please...no more...”

“Why would I stop when you’re clearly enjoying it so much?”

Velvet’s glasses flashed as she grinned and continued the crazed dance of her hips.

“U-um...i-it feels too good, so, um, I don’t think I can hold in the pee...”

“Oh, is that all? Just let it out.”

The oldest of the women made it sound like no big deal.

“The world refers to a woman’s urine as holy water and it is highly prized. A priestess’s urine is sure to be valuable.”

Euphoria’s expression changed when she heard that.

“D-don’t be ridiculous...”

Despite the priestess’s shock, Velvet continued thrusting her hips and rubbing her tits against Euphoria’s.

Hilcruz could feel the vibration.

The dildos in his hands mercilessly penetrated Sigyn and Gracen’s vaginas and their love juices soaked his hands.

“I also want to see you pee, Priestess Euphoria.”

Horny Hilcruz pushed his hips up from below.

“Ahh, stop, it really will come out...”

Euphoria grew tearful as she was fucked from the front and back.

The disgraceful look of pleasure perfectly suited the priestess’s face. The difference from her usual perfect beauty made it incredibly sexy.

“Ahh, why is it that seeing the look of pleasure on the priestess’s face fills me with such pleasure too?”

Velvet moved her hips even faster.

“Me too, me too...”

“I’m about there too.”

Sigyn and Gracen agreed they were near orgasm and began moving their hips against the dildos.

Hilcruz did not want to lose to these girls and women, so he moved his hips even more.

“Ahh...no, no, please, no more~~”

As Euphoria was pounded in both holes, the vibration must have stimulated her bladder and an empty look filled her eyes.

Her white body trembled and that tremor elicited a sound from Hilcruz.

“Sorry, but I’m about to cum!!”

His cock swelled out and further spread out the woman’s anus.

“Ahhh, no...”

Euphoria cried out as she felt the cum being pumped into her ass.

“Noooooooo! It’s coming out!!!!”

The holy woman’s orgasm was a mixture of pleasure and despair. As she sprayed out her juices, the other three followed suit.

Velvet, Sigyn, and Gracen, the three shameful women with dildos buried in their vaginas, sprayed their own juices in unison.

“Ahhh...I’m cumming!!!”



The warm fluid flew through the air, and dripped down Euphoria's body and onto Hilcruz.

"Pant, pant, pant..."

The wild sexual beasts' roars had ruled the chapel just a moment before, but a serene silence fell. No, the boy and the women's breaths were still echoing.

When the dildo and penis were removed from her vagina and anus, Euphoria embraced Hilcruz as tightly as she could.

Sigyn, Velvet, and Gracen also embraced him in search of his warmth.

Their warmth felt nice, but the boy smiled sadly up at the rose skylight.

(Now there's nothing left for me to do here...)

Hilcruz slowly stood up while the pleasure still lingered in his body. As he started to dress himself, Euphoria embraced him even tighter, as if to keep him from leaving.

“Oh, I really don't want you to leave this cathedral.”

“P-Priestess Euphoria...”

“I won't let you go. I will give you such great pleasure that you will never want to leave again.”

The holy woman was acting like a stubborn child, so Hilcruz was unsure how to respond. Meanwhile, the great door to the chapel creaked opened.

When he looked over, a group of girls ran inside. It was the nun trainees and holy warriors that Hilcruz had entered a sexual relationship with.

“We will help grant the priestess's wish!”

They had apparently been spying on the entire ceremony from the secret room that Hilcruz had used to spy on the meeting between Euphoria and Ursula.

“Geh!?”

Hilcruz was left speechless as a great wave of girls rushed in.

He was nearly crushed by all the cute and beautiful girls and the orgy that began lasted three days and three nights without even taking breaks for food or sleep.

“Okay, no one’s around.”

Hilcruz had been confined to a room in the cathedral and forced to live as the nuns’ fucktoy and sex slave, but Euphoria finally reconsidered and kindly allowed him to escape.

He slipped out at night and managed to lose the Ishtar soldiers waiting outside.

As the morning sun rose brightly into the sky, he looked back just once to burn the view of his homeland into his eyes.

The red leaves of the mountains looked like burning flames. Autumn had set in at some point.

(What a magnificent view. It’s just like Priestess Euphoria. I’ll probably think of her every time I see the red leaves on the mountains.)

Hilcruz was so charmed by the overwhelming beauty of the red leaves in the morning sun that he started talking to himself.

“Will I be known as a villain, will I be known as an evil king, will no one remember my name, or will I vanish like a pebble on the roadside?”

Gracen, his one servant, suggested an answer.

“Only god knows, I suppose.”

“No, it’s for me to decide. I swear I will return. I will usurp a kingdom and return with a great army.”

Even he felt he was being overly optimistic, but he could never become a hero in this age of war if he did not show at least that level of ambition.

(I’ll be back to see you eventually, Priestess Euphoria, Velvet, Sigyn, and everyone else...)

Hilcruz faced forward once more, swore not to look back again, and began walking with his head held high.